

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
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## MOSS-ROSES.

WHITE with the whiteness of the snow,  
Pink with the faintest rosy glow,  
They blossom on their sprays;  
They glad the borders with their bloom,  
And sweeten with their rich perfume  
The mossy garden ways.

The dew that from their brimming leaves  
Drips down, the mignonette receives,  
And sweeter grows thereby;  
The tall June lilies stand anear,  
In raiment white and gold, and here  
The purple pansies lie.

Warm sunshine glitters over all,  
On daisied sward and ivied wall,  
On lily, pansy, rose;  
While fitting round each garden bed,  
With joyous laugh and airy tread,  
A fairer sunbeam goes.

A little human blossom, bright  
With childish, innocent delight  
Of life yet in its dawn;  
With sunshine prisoned in her hair,  
Deep eyes unshadowed by a care,  
She gambols on the lawn.

She checks the light elastic tread,  
And stays to hear, far overhead,  
The lark's song to its close;  
Eyes shaded by two tiny hands —  
We pray God bless her as she stands,  
Our little daughter Rose.

Yea, bless the Rose, dear God, since we  
Have given the Lily back to thee,  
That bloomed with her awhile;  
Yea, bless her deeply, doubly now,  
For her dear sake, whose angel brow  
Reflects thine awful smile.

How often in her childish face,  
Our hungry, longing eyes can trace  
The looks of one away;  
How often in her merry tone  
A music wakes, more sad than moan,  
Of accents hushed for aye!

God bless the child to blossom here,  
Our clinging human hearts to cheer,  
Till life has reached its close;  
To grow in sweetest grace and bloom,  
To beautify the dear old home,  
Our precious daughter Rose!

All The Year Round.

## TANTALUS.

I AT the banquet of the gods have sate  
Above the clouds that shroud these earthly  
    plains,  
Their nectar quaffed, and their ambrosia ate,  
And felt the Olympian ichor in my veins.

Apollo, like a glory in a gloom,  
Jove's thund'rous brow, and Juno's face  
    serene,  
Chaste Dian's grace, the auroral blush and  
    bloom  
That Venus owns, these mortal eyes have  
    seen.

Mad with desire I strove the charm to seize  
That should again renew to sense and soul  
On earth below those heavenly ecstasies, —  
And I their nectar and ambrosia stole.

But who against the gods shall e'er prevail?  
The bliss of heaven on earth we may not  
    own;  
Stale tastes the nectar here, the ambrosia  
    stale,  
The ethereal flavor lost, the aroma flown.

And so the gods condemn me here to stand  
Thirsting within the stream that from me  
    flees,  
Hungering 'mid fruits ambrosial that my  
    hand  
Forever vainly reaches out to seize.

My sense the music of Apollo haunts,  
But dim and distant and beyond my reach;  
I hear afar the gods' grand utterance,  
But cannot shape it into mortal speech.

In silence still I feel as in a dream  
Their dim, mysterious whisperings every-  
    where, —  
On the lone hills, in forest, reed, and  
    stream,  
In night's low breathings, in the sea's de-  
    spair.

So taunting ever with half-confidence  
That wins the listening ear, but will not  
    speak,  
Pleasing and puzzling all the soul and sense,  
The gods forever mock us mortals weak.

O poets, in whatever realm or clime,  
Pity me — Tantalus — for you must feel  
How nature lures us on with dreams sublime,  
And hints the secret she will ne'er reveal!  
Blackwood's Magazine.      W. W. S.

From The Quarterly Review.

LIFE AND TIMES OF JAMES MADISON.\*

THE two books before us form a valuable contribution to a period of history too little known to the majority of educated Englishmen. We in this country have, for the most part, what may be called an intermittent knowledge of American history. The romance which surrounded the early settlers, the fate of Gilbert, the adventures of Smith, and the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, are almost as familiar to Englishmen as the burning of Cranmer, or the trial of Strafford. Then, for most readers, the stream of American history loses itself in the earth, and reappears at Bunker's Hill. But there is another side of the subject, fraught with the deepest interest for students of constitutional history, which has hardly received due attention. The history of the United States is pre-eminently the history of the growth of institutions. We there see going on before our eyes those processes which, among the long-settled nations of the Old World, can only be known by their faintly-marked traces in the past. The history of the American colonies before the Declaration of Independence shows, as no other history does, the actual birth and growth of representative government. There can be few more attractive subjects of study than the various steps by which the different colonies took up the institutions of the mother country, and adapted them to their special wants. Yet even this fails to equal in interest the later period of American constitutional history. Most English readers, we fear, feel that the history of the contest for independence ends with the final triumph of the colonists. It would be nearer the truth to regard the war as a prelude to one of the most deeply interesting chapters which the constitutional history of any nation can lay before us. The formation of the Federal Constitution was, beyond doubt, the greatest and most arduous political experiment, and, if

we measure the difficulties surmounted, may be fairly called the most successful one, which history records. In this, too, as in all great political changes, the interest does not end with the formal conclusion of the contest. The process by which the Federal Constitution was fashioned and determined really lasted through the presidencies of Washington and Adams, and only ended with the triumph of the Democrats under Jefferson.

If we had to single out one person who might fitly serve as a central figure for a political sketch of this period, our choice would probably fall upon Madison. This is due rather to the nature, than the extent, of his abilities. The generation of statesmen among whom he moved included many great names, and posterity will probably assign to Madison a place below at least three of his contemporaries. Even if he had possessed such qualities, his career gave him no opportunity of displaying the unwearied public spirit, the dauntless and patient courage, the pure and unselfish patriotism of Washington. He had none of that eager enthusiasm for party, that ardent faith in the future of his country, and that sympathy both with the nobler and the baser passions of mankind, which made Jefferson the founder and leader of American Democracy. With Hamilton he had more in common. Yet Madison could claim but a small share in that far-sighted political wisdom to which every page of American history bears witness. But, in one sense, Madison was a more representative statesman than any of these. There probably was never a time at which he did not, better than any other living man, embody the views of a majority of educated American citizens. This it is which gives so much interest to the history of his political conduct and opinions, and it is from this point of view that we propose to consider his career.

James Madison was born in Virginia in 1751. He was descended from one of the earliest settlers, Captain Isaac Madison, the founder of a family, in which James Madison was only the foremost among several distinguished members. Of his early days there is little to tell. His education began at the school of a

\* 1. *History of the Life and Times of James Madison*. By William C. Rives. Volume I. Boston, 1859.

2. *Letters and Other Writings of James Madison, Fourth President of the United States*. In four volumes. Published by order of Congress. Philadelphia, 1867.

learned Scotch emigrant. In 1769 he was sent to the college at Princeton, beyond the limits of his native state. The principal, Dr. Witherspoon, was, like Madison's first teacher, a Scotch emigrant. A few years later he was called to a wider sphere of activity in the Revolutionary Congress, and his name is among those appended to the Declaration of Independence. We may suppose that his influence did something towards determining the future career of his pupil. Yet Madison's letters show no greater interest in the questions of the day than would be ordinarily found in an intelligent and well-educated lad. One characteristic anecdote of Madison's youth, significant of his future career, is oddly enough omitted by Mr. Rives, though it rests on no worse authority than that of John Quincy Adams. Dr. Witherspoon said of him that he "never knew him to say or do an indiscreet thing." It is consoling to find that the case of a model young man is not always desperate. Probably, however, Mr. Rives has acted for the best interests of mankind in withholding so dangerous a precedent. With such a disposition it was well that the conditions of Madison's early life were not such as to stimulate mere intellectual precocity at the expense of his powers of action. His somewhat weak health and his retiring temper might have allowed him to settle down as a quiet student, had not his lot been cast in a time when

The forward youth that would appear,  
Must now forsake his Muses dear.

Madison had little more than completed his college career when his country needed in some way or other the services of every patriotic citizen. In the actual events of the War of Independence Madison's part, though subordinate, was not unimportant. Even if it had been less prominent, we must remember that he and his contemporaries were trained into statesmen by the struggle for independence, and unless we take that influence into account we cannot justly appreciate their motives and position. Few subjects would be more deeply interesting, or offer worthier material to a historian, than to trace the process which developed the English colonists of the sev-

enteenth century into that generation of men, great at once as political philosophers and practical statesmen, who liberated America from England and fashioned the Federal Constitution. Much, indeed, was due to the instincts and ideas which the emigrants took out with them. England early in the seventeenth century was specially well fitted to throw out offshoots full of vigorous and healthy political life. The spirit which animated the founders of our American colonies was the spirit of the Long Parliament, not of the Commonwealth, the Restoration, or the Revolution. The romance which invests the early history of Virginia, the religious troubles which fill so large a space in the annals of New England, are apt to divert our attention from the political life of the colonies. How real and active that life was, is shown by the way in which representative institutions sprang up as it were spontaneously, and expanded with the needs of the young commonwealth. And, if the seed sown was good, so too was the culture which it received. The colonists were happily saved from all those influences which sapped the strength and vitiated the life-blood of English politics for nearly a century after the Restoration. The contests of the various colonial legislatures with the home government, contests in which the colonists were at times factious and unreasonable, but were more often struggling against the profligate and extortionate governors with whom the mother country had saddled them, served to keep alive a vigorous spirit of independence. There were other influences at work to raise the minds and aspirations of the colonists above the somewhat petty cares of their own separate States. We may be sure that there were others beside Franklin whose thoughts had early turned to the possibility of a great united colonial dominion. Many a colonist must have felt, when Washington went down with his little band to hold the Ohio valley against France, that a struggle had begun which might give to his descendants a territory bounded only by the Pacific. Moreover, the great wave of European thought, which had already begun to form, was not without its in-



fluence in America. Thus, we find the young John Adams, the descendant of an old Puritan family, and reared up in a pious New England home, studying and criticising Montesquieu and Bolingbroke. Every line that Jefferson wrote breathed the influence of the French philosophers. At the same time the practical training in politics, which the colonists gained from their local institutions, saved them from being led astray into any speculative extravagances. There lay the great difference between the American rebellion and the French Revolution. To the French revolutionists liberty was a mere abstract name, wholly disconnected from their historical past, and therefore incapable of practical application. The Americans, too, had grasped the idea of liberty; but they viewed it not as an abstract idea, but a principle which underlay their past history and their present institutions. We may in short say that the Revolutionary statesmen of America were in their main outlines Englishmen of the seventeenth century, with their perceptions quickened at once by philosophical teaching and by the practical, if somewhat narrowing, influence of colonial politics. Then came the struggle for independence. Whatever we may think of the merits of the quarrel, we cannot doubt that its effects on the colonists were in the main healthy and strengthening. Circumstances saved the American Revolution from many of the worst features of such struggles. It was not, like the struggle in the Netherlands, embittered by differences of creed and race. The rudeness and elasticity of colonial life were such that the shock of an invasion was felt far less than it is in an old-established country. There were, no doubt, moral shortcomings on the part of the people. There was supineness, sloth, want of public spirit. But this was caused rather by circumstances than by defects in the national character. The weakness of the American cause was due to the heterogeneous character of the different states. There was mutual distrust engendered by diversity of origin, of creed, of commercial interest. The weakness shown by the colonists was not unlike the weakness shown by our own country in her strug-

gle with the Danes. There was much local energy and much individual courage, but a want of cohesion and unity of action. Had the colonists been led by an Ethelred instead of a Washington the parallel might have been more complete. But whatever weaknesses there might be among the commons, in higher quarters there were none. It would be hard to name a revolution so free from any stains of treachery, of half-heartedness, of selfish ambition among its leaders. The traitors and the intriguers, Arnold, Conway, Gates, were mere soldiers. The statesmen of the rebellion have no part in their guilt. Not one of them ever seems to have entertained an idea of securing his own escape if the common cause should fail. All threw in their lot with their county, determined to triumph or fall together. Had any suspicion of such guilt existed, party rancor would long ago have proclaimed it to the world. There was scarcely one of the Revolutionary statesman whose reputation has wholly escaped the envenomed attacks of party warfare. Even the great leader himself, one of the few whose public spirit and almost superhuman virtue is established by the unanimous voice of history, did not escape calumny. The characters of Hamilton and Jefferson are still topics of party warfare. But whatever may have been said of their later actions, the voice of calumny has never assailed their conduct during the contest for independence. There are many things in later history which every well-wisher of America would gladly blot out; but she may at least remember with just pride that in the great crisis of her fate no stain attached to those whom she entrusted with her cause.

In the American Revolution, in the stirring events which followed it, the part which each colony played was strongly colored by its previous history and its political character. None had more definitely marked features than Madison's native state, the mother of presidents, as Virginia was called in later days. Her social life reproduced many of the best features of the mother country. Her early emigrants had numbered among them adventurers and felons, but the backbone of those who supported the Virginia Company, and who

followed Lord Delawarr and Sir Thomas Dale as emigrants, were taken from the ranks of the English country gentry, just at the time when that class was at its best. It would be an interesting, though a somewhat mortifying study, to trace the process by which the highly educated and accomplished country gentleman of the sixteenth and seventeenth century, the class which included Hampden and Hutchinson and Elliot, gave place to the boorish squire of a century later, whom a satirist could paint as Squire Western, and a more kindly observer as Sir Roger. The social disorganization due to the Civil War and the consequent disruption of old feudal ties, the growing political and social importance of London, and the general lowering of the moral tone of the nation, all contributed to this result. In Virginia the old public spirit of a feudal aristocracy survived. The lower classes lacked teaching, but the society which produced Jefferson and Madison and Randolph can hardly have had a low educational standard. We have, unhappily, but few authentic records of the social life of the southern colonies. But a writer of our own day, almost unequalled in his power of reproducing from slender materials the scenery and coloring of a past age, has brought vividly before us the life of a Virginian plantation. We may be sure that there were a good many young Virginians who, like George Warrington, sent to England for books and musical instruments, and hurried on board to see them unpacked. If, indeed, it be true that Jefferson and Patrick Henry were accomplished musicians, the colony had retained one phase of Elizabethan culture which the mother country had for a while almost lost. Looked at in its political bearings, the social life of Virginia kept alive a vigorous spirit of independence. The boundless natural resources of the country were, from an economical view, almost as much a curse as a blessing. The number of navigable rivers gave every planter a harbor close to his own door, and prevented the formation of any one centre of commerce. The abundance of fertile soil enabled every man to become a landowner, and made it impossible to obtain free and intelligent labor. But though all these things made against the commercial welfare of Virginia they rather stimulated the spirit of political freedom. As Mr. Rives says: "A large landed estate in Virginia, consisting of distinct and sometimes distant plantations, with the general supervision of the agents and laborers employed on each, and the negotiations inci-

dent to the periodical sale of their produce and purchase of their supplies in remote markets, was a mimic commonwealth, with its foreign and domestic relations and its regular administrative hierarchy. It called for the constant exercise of vigilance, activity, humanity, sound judgment and wise economy, and was thus a school both of virtue and intelligence, in which many of the patriots of that day were trained for public usefulness." Though slavery existed, it did not yet bear that baneful fruit which afterwards sprang from it. It does not seem to have been attended with any one of those moral corruptions which afterwards formed such a plague-spot in the life of the Southern States. Nor had the practice of slavery deadened the political morality of the Virginian aristocracy. Taunts have often been cast at the men who, while they claimed freedom for themselves, were blind to the wrong which they were inflicting on a whole race. A very slight knowledge of the writings and speeches of the most eminent men among them enables one to refute such sneers. Every prominent Virginian statesman of the last century seems to have looked upon slavery as an evil which economical circumstances had forced upon his country, which must, if possible, be extinguished, and which might be fraught with the greatest mischief in the future. The doctrine, which upheld slavery as the proper basis of Southern society and Southern political supremacy, was the offspring of a statesman of a later generation, Calhoun of South Carolina; and we may be sure that Washington or Jefferson would have repudiated his teaching as eagerly as any Northern abolitionist.

In 1774, at the age of twenty-three, Madison's public career began. He was in that year elected a member of one of the county committees, which were established throughout the American colonies to concert means of resistance to the British government. Two years later he was returned to the Virginian Congress. From the outset Virginia had taken a leading part in the dispute, and she now ventured on a step in advance of any other colony. North Carolina had already given to its representatives in the Continental Congress, power to "concur with the delegates of the other colonies in declaring independence and forming foreign alliances." Virginia went a step further, and definitely instructed her delegates to move a declaration of independence. As a necessary accompaniment to this measure, a committee was appointed to frame a govern-

ment for the colony, or, as we must now call it, the State. Here, too, Virginia was taking the lead. South Carolina and New Hampshire had already framed provisional governments. Virginia was the first state that distinctly applied her best wisdom to the formation of a new constitution intended to be permanent. Madison, despite his youth, was a member of this committee; and the subject is one of some importance in connection with his career. His one pre-eminent claim to honor is as a constitution-maker; and a peculiar interest attaches to the first attempt of the kind in which he took part. The Virginian constitution of 1776, like most successful experiments of the sort, was a compromise. The general outline of the constitution was sure to be modelled on the old one, handed down with some changes from the days of the Virginia Company. A constitution based on the English type, and consisting of a governor and two chambers, was the mould into which all the colonial governments had almost spontaneously fallen, and to which the colonists, conservative in revolution, with two exceptions, adhered. This system, however, gave room for differences of detail. Two schemes were proposed which may fairly be supposed to represent the extreme views on each side. One proposed to retain the upper chamber for life, and the governor during good behavior, while the lower chamber was to be elected triennially. The other, suggested by John Adams to some of his Virginian friends, proposed that the whole legislature, including the governor, should be re-elected annually. The scheme finally adopted coincided in its main features with this latter, with this somewhat important difference, that the upper chamber was to be elected for four years. It is worthy of notice that not one of these schemes contemplated a democratic suffrage. The widest margin proposed was one which would take in householders who were also fathers of three children, and the qualification finally adopted was the possession of twenty-five acres freehold. Madison, by his own account, took no very prominent part in the task of construction. His only recorded contribution was an amendment to the declaration of rights which preceded the constitution, striking out the term "toleration," as inconsistent with complete religious equality, and substituting "the full and free exercise of religion according to the dictates of conscience." We have noticed this, because Madison's hostility to anything like religious inequal-

ity was, perhaps, the only political feeling which could be fairly called a passion with him, or which ever led him into a display of enthusiasm. Though his own share in the Virginian constitution was not a prominent one, yet we may be sure that it was a lesson not thrown away. Between the two extreme parties in Virginia — between those who wished to be free from England, but keep everything English, and democrats like Jefferson and Henry — there was a great gulf, which we may be sure could only be bridged over by a spirit of moderation and compromise, and from that process Madison must have learnt lessons which stood him in good stead in the great task of his life.

In the next year Madison lost his seat, a result which Mr. Rives tells us was due to his scrupulous refusal to employ the universally adopted engine of treating. That he had in no way forfeited public confidence is shown by the fact that in the same year he was elected a member of the State Council, and in 1779 returned to the Continental Congress. Even by that time the early zeal which had distinguished that body had begun to grow cold. Many of its most eminent men had been called off to the services of their separate States, and Congress reflected but too faithfully that want of cohesion and mutual support which weakened the Union and hampered the action of her great leader. Madison was one of those who labored to redeem the character of Congress. He zealously backed up Washington's appeals for more strenuous efforts, and throughout the war he advocated various measures designed to strengthen the authority of the central government. Thus we find him supporting a proposal to give Congress certain coercive powers, which would enable it to exact the required contributions from the separate States. Monstrous though it seems to us now, that a government could be expected to carry on a war while it had no efficient means of exacting supplies, yet the sectional jealousies of the different States, and the dread of central power, frustrated this measure. Subsequently Congress passed a resolution applying to the various States for power to levy a duty on foreign merchandise. Virginia at first acceded to this application, but afterwards, owing to the failure of other States to comply with it, Madison had the mortification of seeing his constituents reverse their decision. On another occasion Madison was in conflict with his own State, and showed by his conduct that his usual moderation could in season give place to firm-

ness. The claim of Spain to monopolize the navigation of the Mississippi, was a subject of negotiation between the two powers. To ask the United States to surrender the Mississippi was, as Franklin forcibly put it, like asking a man to sell his street door. Madison took an equally decided view, and expressed it in a report laid before Congress. At the time that the question came forward, the pressure of the war was felt mainly by the Southern States, and that part of the Union was naturally eager for foreign help, and willing to make large concessions to obtain it. Accordingly Virginia, urged on by Georgia and South Carolina, instructed her representatives to oppose the claim. Madison considered the occasion important enough to justify him in disregarding the wishes of his constituents; and when the immediate prospect of war was removed, Virginia adopted his views. Before we take leave of Madison's career in the old Congress, one point ought to be noticed. It would be premature to speak of parties, yet we can trace faintly the beginnings of those divisions which afterwards severed the political world of America into two camps. We can trace, too, in Madison's own attitude, a foreshadowing of his later career. While he advocated, as we have seen, the grants of coercive powers to Congress, he did not go as far as Hamilton in his wish to exalt the central, at the expense of the local governments. Hamilton would not merely have given Congress power to levy taxes for itself, but he would have also handed over to it the appointment and control of the staff employed for that purpose. Madison, on the other hand, would, as far as might be, have left the establishment and management of the machinery to the separate States. The difference may seem trifling, but it illustrates the different spirit in which the two men approached the great impending question, the limits of power of the central government and the State governments, respectively. On another question, Madison displayed views and sympathies which afterwards had a most important influence on his career. During the negotiations for peace, an estrangement arose between the French government and the American representatives, Adams, Franklin, and Jay. We name three, for though there was a fourth, Laurens, both his body and mind were, for a while, weakened by his long imprisonment in England, and he was, at the time, little more than a cipher. It would exceed the limits, alike of our space and our subject, to go into the merits of

the question. Jay seems to have been of a suspicious temper; Adams had but little good-will towards France; and Franklin, whose sympathies were strongly with the French, may have been unable single-handed to influence his two colleagues. On the other hand, there is no doubt that persons professing to be accredited agents of France had dealings with the English minister, Lord Shelburne, of such a nature as reasonably to excite the suspicions of the Americans. The result was, that the preliminaries of peace were signed by the American envoys without their consulting the French minister, De Vergennes. This excited the indignation of the French government, and the question came before Congress. The immediate question of the conduct of the envoys does not concern us; the matter is important as showing a division of feeling already existing in America, and destined afterwards to have most important results. There were already two parties in Congress, who regarded France with widely different views. By some her support was looked upon as an act of generosity, forming a sentimental bond of union between the two nations, and giving France a moral claim to the gratitude of America. Others urged that France had withheld her assistance till she clearly saw that the cause of America would furnish a convenient weapon against her old enemy. To debate what were the real motives of France, would be as profitless as are all discussions concerning the motives which animate national policy. A few enthusiasts, like Lafayette, doubtless joined the cause of America out of a pure and generous sympathy with a people warring for their rights. The majority of the young officers who flocked over, to vex the soul of Washington and to command troops whom they could neither speak to nor understand, doubtless viewed America as they would have viewed India, or Ireland, or any other country where there was glory to be won and Englishmen to be fought. The aristocratic diplomatists and politicians who governed France would probably have questioned the sanity of a man who attributed their policy to any but interested motives. Nevertheless, it was a generous impulse which made many Americans resent any act that seemed to savor of ingratitude and coldness towards an ally. In the debate which arose out of the conduct of the envoys, Madison strongly condemned the views of those who looked upon France with distrust. That he should have taken this line is somewhat remarkable. Of all politicians he was the



least likely to be influenced by sentiment, and his political and intellectual sympathies were not such as to enlist him in favor either of monarchical or revolutionary France. Whether the influence of Jefferson may have thus early shown itself we cannot say. Certain it is that the line which he took on this occasion marks a sentiment which for some time remained inoperative, but which at a later time had a great influence on him, and, in fact, formed a turning-point in his career.

At the end of 1783 Madison's term of office expired, and by the newly-framed rules of Congress he was ineligible for reelection. During his whole term of membership he does not seem once to have visited his home. In December he returned thither, and at once applied himself to reading law. As, however, we find him at the same time studying constitutional history, and especially such questions as were likely to affect the future of the confederacy, it seems unlikely that his legal learning was meant for practical purposes. If he entertained any such scheme, it was soon frustrated. In the next few years events began to open to the rising generation of American statesmen a career in some ways greater than any which the war itself had offered. The events of the war, and still more the domestic troubles which followed it, the rebellions in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, too clearly proved that the old Confederation was but a rope of sand. The task of reconstructing it on a firmer basis was one which might well stimulate and yet appal the imagination of the wisest and most enterprising statesman. The attempt was beset with difficulties from two quarters. The pressure of the war had been scarcely enough to keep in check the jealousies and conflicting claims of the different States. When that pressure was withdrawn, they were sure to burst out with renewed force. Moreover the war itself had done much to quicken political thought, and to sow the seeds of great party divisions. A question of such overwhelming political importance as the formation of a new Constitution was sure to call those seeds into full life and activity.

Before we consider the struggle itself, we must say a few words of the principal actors. Two of Madison's contemporaries and rivals, Hamilton and Jefferson, stand out, not as yet the accredited leaders of the opposite parties, but so distinctly and pre-eminently the representatives of the great conflicting principles, which were struggling for ascendancy in the newly-

formed republic, as to claim our special attention. Many Americans to this day regard these two statesmen as the Ormuzd and Ahriman of American politics, while they differ in their mode of assigning the two parts. By one party Hamilton is regarded as an inspired prophet, who foresaw all the dangers with which the United States were threatened by the sway of the masses, and who died a political martyr, struggling vainly to keep his country within the bounds of constitutional freedom, and to hold her back from the gulf of popular misrule into which Jefferson and his followers were hastening to plunge her. With others Jefferson is the champion of freedom, who fully emancipated his country from those trammels of feudal and monarchical government, which Hamilton was struggling to reimpose. One who views the question from that intermediate standing-ground which Madison occupied, is happily not forced to adopt either view. We may, without injustice either to Hamilton or Jefferson, believe that the one unduly neglected, while the other unduly overrated, the dangers of democratic government.

Everything in the origin and training of these two men had prepared the way for their rivalry. Hamilton was in some degree separated both by birth and training from the other statesmen of his age. His birthplace was Jamaica, and this fact may have served in some measure to diminish the intensity of his American sympathies. His adopted State, New York, was that one in which the flame of patriotism burnt least brightly. His writings show that he had read much and meditated deeply, and his knowledge of foreign politics won from Talleyrand the compliment, "*Hamilton avoit deviné l'Europe.*" Such training may make, and in his case did make a great constructive statesman, but it is not calculated to make an enthusiast. English Whiggism had impressed Hamilton deeply, and we cannot doubt that Walpole was to a great extent his model. In his opinion, a commercial aristocracy, and a government with abundant means of exercising indirect influence, were essential conditions of national stability. It would be an error to suppose that these opinions involved any disloyalty to the cause of American independence. Hamilton was not the only statesman of the time who, while throwing himself passionately into the cause of national freedom, and clearly perceiving the unfitness of England for the task of colonial government, yet wished to retain many of the aristocratic traditions, and



much of the machinery of government, of the mother country. Indeed, the very acts by which Hamilton has incurred the charge of disloyalty to the American Constitution are, if carefully considered, his best defence. Had he really wished to overthrow the Constitution, he would never have striven so diligently to guard it against its own inherent dangers. Doubtless he had a speculative preference for monarchy; but to suppose that he ever contemplated the introduction of it into America, is to regard him as a mere theorist incapable of limiting his aspirations by his knowledge of what was possible. And if he had cherished such a wish, his keen political insight would have taught him that a direct attack on the republican constitution of his country would be the worst means that he could choose towards his end. A far weaker mind than Hamilton's might have easily perceived that the anarchy against which he was striving would be the readiest road to absolutism. Let the pilot forsake the helm, and the ship would inevitably go on the rocks and become the willing prey of any saviour of society. Yet if Hamilton's fame has been obscured by party calumny and his true greatness appreciated only by a few, his own character is not wholly free of the blame. His own temper was naturally cold and unsympathetic. He seems, indeed, to have prided himself on this, and to have somewhat exaggerated it. He was thoroughly sincere, but it was the sincerity of high principle and strong self-respect, rather than of natural frankness. In almost every detail of temper, training, and opinions, Jefferson was the direct opposite to his great rival. His vanity and impetuosity often led him into inconsistency, and it is hard at times to clear his character from the deeper stain of wilful duplicity. Yet he had a certain openness of temper, which seems among his contemporaries to have won forgiveness for his graver faults. His writings show no trace of that solid political and historical study, on which Hamilton's opinions were based; yet his love of knowledge was ever vigorous, and his sympathy and interest extended to almost every branch of human activity and thought. His opinions were deeply colored by the training of his native state. Commerce was his bugbear. He writes in the true spirit of a Virginian farmer and sportsman: "While we have land to labor upon, let us never wish to see our citizens occupied at a work-bench or twirling a distaff." Like Hamilton, Jefferson was conversant with the politi-

cal philosophy of the eighteenth century. But it was from French republicanism, not from English Whiggism, that he drew his inspiration. Hamilton's political ideal looked back to 1688; Jefferson's had yet to find its fulfilment in 1789. With such training and such principles, these two men were clearly marked out as the embodiments and champions of those two conflicting principles, which were soon destined to extend their battle-field from the Old World to the New.

It seemed for a while as if Madison's natural sobriety of temper and freedom from enthusiasm were likely to be stronger than his loyalty to his brother Virginian, and as if he was destined to stand among the allies of Hamilton. To Hamilton unquestionably belongs the credit of having first clearly grasped the idea of a more stable union subordinating all the state governments to the sovereignty of the whole, as the only means of saving the nation from anarchy. By every means in his power, by public utterances and private influence, Hamilton forced this idea upon his countrymen. In this task he found an able assistant in Madison. He, like Hamilton, clearly saw that no attempt to improve the existing federation could meet the needs of the case. With Madison rests the credit of carrying through the Virginian Assembly a resolution inviting the other States to a general conference on the subject of the commerce of the federation. It was through Hamilton's agency that the powers of the conference were enlarged, and that it was converted into a Convention for considering and, as events proved, for reconstructing, the Federal Union. In May, 1787, the Convention met at Annapolis. Its proceedings were secret, and our knowledge of them is derived from reports compiled by Madison after the hours of debate. It is not an easy matter to estimate the share which any one member of the Convention can claim in the result. It cannot be too often repeated that the American Constitution was a compromise, modified to suit the wants of conflicting parties and individuals of widely different views, and therefore not corresponding with any preconceived ideal. But we should probably not be far wrong in saying that it more nearly reflected the views of Madison than of any other of the framers. We may infer this from comparing the actual result with his recommendations, and with the ideas expressed in his subsequent writings. In many details, indeed, the Constitution deviated from Madison's ideal.

He at first proposed to give the central government a power of veto against any State law. Subsequently he abandoned this in favor of that admirably-framed scheme, which erects the Supreme Court into a separate, and, as far as possible, an independent arbitrator to decide in the last resort between the conflicting claims of the State and the Union. Madison's first suggestion on this subject is worth noting, as showing that he at this time held views as to the subordination of the State governments not widely different from those of Hamilton and his followers. It has been the fashion with Democratic writers to treat the annihilation of State sovereignty — "taking out the teeth of the serpents," as an eminent Federalist, Governor Morris, called it — as an article peculiar to the Federal creed. It ought to be remembered that this doctrine was upheld by one whom the Democrats reckon among their most honored leaders. To identify at this time the doctrine of a strong central government with those aristocratic principles which Hamilton and his party undoubtedly did hold, is to antedate the position of parties by more than twenty years. But though on this point Hamilton and Madison were still at one, the proceedings of the Convention brought out points of difference. Hamilton would have vested the executive power in a president and vice-president chosen for life, and removable only by impeachment, and would have made the upper chamber rest on a like tenure. On both these points he seems to have stood almost alone. Without going further into detail, we can best sum up Madison's share in the Constitution by enumerating the conditions necessary to his ideal of the United States government, conditions which were all in some degree fulfilled by the form as actually settled. He required a government resting on the direct consent of the people, and exercising direct control over them. He wished to preserve the State governments for their own purposes, and he saw that it must be the aim of the Constitution to give those governments the greatest possible amount of independent action in their own sphere, combined with the least possible power of interference with the central government. Above all, he saw that any system, to be adopted, or when adopted to work successfully, must be a compromise; and he was thus enabled to meet all arguments which impugned the new Constitution as falling short of an ideal, either of State freedom or perfect centralization.

His services on behalf of the Constitution were soon needed on an important battle-field. In none of the States was more vigorous resistance to be looked for than in Virginia. There, as in the other States, a Convention was summoned to consider the question of ratification. The opposition was headed by Patrick Henry, then in the full vigor of oratorical powers unequalled by any American of that, or probably of a later, age. A passionate republican, and, like Jefferson, deeply imbued with the idea that the woods and streams of Virginia were the chosen home of liberty, he looked with horror on a system which substituted for the yoke of a king and parliament the yoke of a central government, in which Massachusetts and New York might be leading powers. The battle was fierce and long doubtful, but the resisting forces yielded point by point. From a general opposition to the new Constitution they fell back on the detailed objection that it lacked a bill of rights. This defect clearly could, and probably would, be remedied after ratification, and thus the question resolved itself into one of amendment before or after acceptance. Madison, as was natural, bore the brunt of the battle on the side of the Constitution. Probably, however, the consideration which had most weight and which ultimately turned the scale, was the fear that the Constitution might be accepted by nine other states, and thereby ratified, and that Virginia, by rejecting it, might be left out, in the humiliating position of an unsuccessful obstructive, who had done something to discredit the new Constitution without succeeding in saving the independence of the separate States.

Madison's labors on behalf of the Constitution were not confined to his own State. In concert with Hamilton he had been advocating it through the medium of "The Federalist," a series of papers addressed nominally to the people of New York, but in reality to the whole body of States. Probably the lasting reputation of its two authors, in Europe at least, rests mainly on this work. Its two authors we say, since their colleague Jay was merely associated with them on account of his special knowledge of foreign politics and diplomacy, and only contributed such ideas as bore specially on those subjects. So far as any division of labor between Hamilton and Madison can be traced, it is such as we might have anticipated. The philosophical groundwork on which the Constitution was to be built was chiefly supplied by Hamilton. It was for the most

part left for Madison to point out immediate practical advantages and to combat detailed objections. Yet this must not be pressed too far. Madison's contributions, notably his first paper, No. 14, show a marked appreciation of the abstract principles of government, as well as of their application to the present occasion; while in Hamilton's writings there is nothing vague or speculative. In one respect the very fame of "The Federalist" in one direction tends to blind us to its merits in another. We are apt to read it as a historical analysis of the Constitution. Such, indeed, it is. But we must never forget that it was primarily a controversial work, written in a time of stirring agitation, for what may be almost called a party purpose. Yet its permanent value is scarcely, if at all, impaired by the circumstances of its production. There is nothing in it of party rancor, nothing of misrepresentation, not a word of needless controversy. The writers never deviate from their main purpose to attack an opponent. It would be hard to name a single production, among the political writings of the last century, even from the pen of Burke, so free from all the ordinary faults of political literature. The credit of this accrues not merely to the writers, but to the audience for whom it was designed. It speaks well for the wisdom of the American citizens of that day, that at such a crisis an appeal should have been made, not to party prejudice or sectional interests, but to a clear and far-sighted patriotism, and that historical arguments should have been thought of more value than personal invectives. It would be hard, we should think, for any thoughtful and educated American at the present day to read "The Federalist," and to compare it with the later political literature of his country, without a feeling of shame.

Before leaving "The Federalist," justice to Madison requires one remark. The fact of his having been associated with Hamilton in this great task has been at times treated by admirers of the latter as though it constituted a political bond of union between the two, and as if the rupture of this bond gave some coloring of treachery to Madison's subsequent alliance with Jefferson. Nothing in "The Federalist" itself justifies such an idea, and if we turn to Madison's own letters we shall see how unfair such a charge is. There is nothing in "The Federalist" to show that Madison accepted the abstract theories of Hamilton. Apparently he merely looked on Hamilton as a conven-

ient associate for a special purpose. It is somewhat remarkable, too, that in Madison's published correspondence we have not met with a single reference to Hamilton which indicates anything like a warm personal feeling. That Madison should for a particular object have identified himself with one with whom he had so little generally in common may seem strange, but it is not out of keeping with his unimpassioned, practical temper, and his habit of subordinating personal feeling to political necessities.

The final ratification of the new Constitution might be formally the conclusion of a peace between the two parties, but in reality it was the signal for the outbreak of a new political struggle, less impassioned perhaps, but even more definite and sustained. Since the time of the separation from England, the new republic held within it the germs of two great parties. There were those who had separated from England on what we might call grounds of expediency, without any antipathy to the principles of the government from which they had severed themselves. They would willingly have seen the newly-created government, in its relations towards the several States, step into the place of the monarchy which they had cast off. There were others, drunk with the new wine of democratic enthusiasm, who saw in the formation of the American republic the possible fulfilment of their ideal. Hitherto these two central ideas have remained latent. During the War of Independence the nation had been forced into temporary unity by external pressure. During the years of chaos and anarchy which followed there was no room for the development of party organization. All thinking men must have seen that the existing state of things could not last. To organize a party at such a time would have been like forming line of battle on a quicksand. But when once the Federal Constitution was framed, a clear and well-defined battle-field lay open. The previous condition of things gave rather a peculiar turn to the formation of parties. The old Whig tradition, which would fain have seen in the new Constitution only an adaptation of English monarchy, prevailed chiefly among the northern merchants. The central government, on whose efficiency they depended to control the growing democratic impulse, had most to fear from the strength of local institutions. Thus the conservative or, as it called itself, the Federal party, became the advocate of centralization, while democracy

was forced to depend on the State governments as its instrument, and was driven by its hostility to the merchants of New England into a somewhat strange alliance with the slave-holding planters of the South. The outbreak of open hostility was for a while suspended by the presence of Washington. His experience of the divisions, which had so hampered his efforts during the war, had imbued him with a deep dread and dislike of parties, and his political insight was not such as to perceive the inevitable conflict of great opposing principles. But, though the struggle was delayed, signs of the coming trouble were not wanting. Madison soon became alienated from his old allies. He showed that he had not used the promise of amendments as a mere sop to lull his opponents in the Virginian Convention, by introducing ten amendments, covering the ground which would have been occupied by a bill of rights, and providing against various abuses of arbitrary power. His position was a difficult one, for his proposals went too far to please most Federalists, and not far enough to satisfy the bulk of the Democrats. His tact and adroitness triumphed over these difficulties, and, in the language of an able American writer, he "engineered his plan through the House with triumphant success."

This opened the breach between Madison and the Federal party, and circumstances soon widened it. The next ground of conflict was the financial policy of Hamilton. As secretary of the treasury, he introduced a scheme of national finance. Its main features were the establishment of a national debt and a national bank. He proposed to elevate the Federal government at the expense of the separate States, by transferring to it the debts contracted by the various State governments on behalf of the Union. In all these points he was opposed by Madison. If we look at the question simply as one of finance, we can have no doubt as to its merits. Madison had never shown any peculiar aptitude for finance, or indeed any special knowledge on the subject. Few statesmen have ever studied it more profoundly than Hamilton. At the age of twenty-three he drew up an elaborate financial scheme for the Confederation, and forwarded it to Robert Morris, the minister of finance. So much impressed was Morris by its ability, that at a later day, when Washington turned to him in despair, and asked him what he was to do with the public debt, his answer was, "There is but one man who can tell you, and that is Alexan-

der Hamilton." If then the question were merely financial, we might fairly appeal from Hamilton's critics to Hamilton himself. But Madison and those around him did not and could not regard the question as merely financial. Madison regarded it, and not without justice, as part of a system for concentrating all the powers of the state in the hands of the executive. He saw that Hamilton's doctrine of implied powers might be employed to give a direction to the Constitution alien from the purpose of its founders. He believed that there was a design on the part of the Federalists, as he himself afterwards expressed it in conversation, to "administrate" the Constitution into conformity with their party views. These suspicions as to the designs of the Federalists, though we cannot set them down as groundless, were unquestionably exaggerated. Yet the blame of that was in some measure due to the Federalists themselves. Flushed with their triumph in the national convention, and trusting in the support of Washington and the great administrative ability of Hamilton, they recklessly disregarded the natural and justifiable suspicions of their opponents, and often used language which gave a color to the worst charges brought against them.

The course of events speedily hurried Madison onward in his union with the Democrats. As we have seen, the relation of the republic to France had already been made the battle-field of an internal conflict. The French Revolution did not alter the aspect of party divisions in America, but it gave them a definiteness and fixity which they did not before possess. Hitherto there had been many who were hostile to England, and to the aristocratic traditions of English government, but who nevertheless had no abstract sympathy with democracy. Such a middle position became now almost untenable. The conduct of the French government, and the outrageous behavior of its American ministers, Genet and Adet, seemed for a while to have turned the tide of public feeling. But the democratic current was too strong, and sympathy with France was soon demanded by the Democrats as a test of loyal citizenship. We cannot judge better of the fierceness of party feeling, than by its effect on a man of naturally moderate and restrained temper like Madison. We feel somewhat as if we saw an archdeacon dancing among the Shakers, when we find Madison writing of "degenerate citizens, enemies of the French Revolution and liberty," of "the poison of the Anglo-



Saxon party," and denouncing anti-French views as "heresy." One painful result of this state of affairs was to involve Madison in a bitter personal controversy with his old ally, Hamilton. The president, acting by the advice of his cabinet, issued a proclamation of neutrality. This proceeding was impugned by the Democrats, both on technical and moral grounds. As to the former point, the best writers on the American Constitution are agreed that the president, in interpreting and proclaiming the duties imposed by treaties on the citizens, was in no way transgressing his proper functions. As to the general ground of policy, few would deny that Washington and his advisers would have been greatly to blame had they suffered America to be engulfed in the whirlpool of a great European war. Nevertheless, when Hamilton, writing under the signature of "Pacificus," defended the president's action, he was answered by Madison in the letters of Helvidius. It is painful to find that the recollection of their joint labors did not withhold Madison from a bitter and contemptuous tone in dealing with his opponent. Able, too, though the letters of Helvidius are, their ability is rather that of a special pleader than of a statesman. But though we cannot agree with Madison, either on the technical issue or on more general grounds, yet we must make the same allowance here as in the case of Hamilton's financial policy. We must remember that Madison saw in the action of the president one step in a deliberate scheme to overthrow those liberties, for which so much blood and treasure had been spent. We must remember, too, that Hamilton's attitude was one peculiarly calculated to alarm an opponent. His doctrine of implied powers was, in the opinion of the Democrats, an attempt to turn the letter of the Constitution against its authors, and to undermine American liberty with that very engine which they had forged for her defence.

The retirement of Washington was the signal for the pent-up storm to break out in full force. Had his term of office been prolonged, we can hardly doubt that he would have been driven to identify himself with that party, towards which his moderate temper and conservative instincts naturally inclined him, and that the Federals might have opened the campaign with the weight of his name on their side. As it was, his influence was sufficient to prevent a party struggle over the appointment of his successor. Adams was well known to have leanings towards a strong

central government, yet he entered upon office as the representative, not of a party, but of the nation. But a position which had well nigh overtaken the moderation and forbearance of Washington was far too arduous for his vain and irritable successor. Seldom have great natural gifts been more inopportunately marred by small yet destructive failings than in John Adams. His integrity was unquestioned, and saved him from those base compliances into which vanity, such as his, might have led a man of weaker principle. His abilities, and the respect which they won from his equals, should have made him independent of the opinion of the many, yet he craved for the popularity which he lacked the power to win. The seeds of distrust between Adams and his party had been sown as early as Washington's first election. According to the system then in force, the vice-president was not separately elected, but the candidate second on the list for president took that office. A number of the Federalists, under the advice of Hamilton, decided that there must be no risk about Washington's election, and that he must be brought in by such a majority as to prove incontestably the superiority of his claims. Accordingly, Adams was elected to the second place by barely the number of votes required. Adams resented this as a slight, and felt that Hamilton had treated him with a want of confidence and had acted in a spirit of manoeuvre. Hamilton and his followers, on the other hand, believed that Adams felt himself aggrieved by not having been allowed a chance of success against Washington, an imputation which Adams warmly resented. Moreover, there were special grounds of mutual distrust between Adams and Hamilton. The latter remembered the intrigues against Washington during the war, intrigues which all had their source in New England, and he looked on Adams as in some measure identified with them. Adams, on the other hand, had been absent on diplomatic service while Hamilton had been achieving his great position, and he might be forgiven if he, one of those who had drafted the Declaration of Independence, felt sore at being ousted from his place among his party by a youth of thirty, whom he had left serving as Washington's aide-de-camp. During Adams's vice-presidency these sources of discord remained in abeyance; but when he attained to the first office they speedily made themselves felt. There was unquestionably, on the part of more than one member of the cabinet, a disposition to treat Adams as a mere



nominal head, and Hamilton as their actual leader. A party with a real and a professed leader is in a perilous state, and when both are men of eager and unyielding ambition the case is well nigh hopeless. By the end of Adams's term of office the Federal party was in a state of anarchy. How complete that anarchy was, is shown by Hamilton's inability to restrain a section of his party from the discreditable intrigue whereby they supported that profligate and unprincipled adventurer, Aaron Burr, for the presidency. It is a melancholy reflection, that by thus first impelling Hamilton to take up an attitude of direct hostility to Burr, they brought about that tragedy which robbed their party of its foremost man.

The term of Adams's presidency saw Madison completely detached from his old allies and enlisted under the banner of Jefferson. Though Federal writers of a later day have treated his change of position as an act of political perfidy, yet his own contemporaries do not seem to have so regarded it. They appreciated, better than we can, the change which had come over the attitude of the Federal party. Indeed, Madison might with fairness have said that the party had moved away from him, rather than he from it. Questions arising out of the interpretation of the Constitution obviously formed new ground, and, whatever we may think of the Federal policy during the administrations of Washington and Adams, we cannot fairly blame Madison for refusing to be among the followers of Hamilton.

The result of Jefferson's election left Democracy triumphant, and the Federal party a wreck. Two years later, and that great man, great even by the admission of those who saw his faults most clearly, the one leader whose transcendent abilities might yet have rallied the Federal party and stemmed the advancing tide of mob tyranny, had perished by a tragic death. Hamilton had fallen, the victim of political passion too base and profligate to deserve the name of ambition, and the hopes of Federalism lay buried in his grave. With his death the possibility of renewed conflict was at an end, and the history of political parties may be said for a while to cease. Here we may fitly part from Madison. Measured by the standard of political ambition, the triumph of the Democrats was the turning-point of his success. If time would suffer, we should see him in a

few years wisely ruling over his country, at the very epoch which definitely gave her a place among the great powers of the world. Still later, we should see him released from all claims of political ambition, yet turning his view with undiminished clearness to the approaching troubles of his country. There was a curious completeness in the political career of one who served in the Revolutionary Congress, and who lived into the days when the Union was imperilled by the independent action of South Carolina. And there could not be more significant testimony to the wisdom of one who took a part in writing "The Federalist," and in framing the American Constitution, than the appearance of those dangers which clouded Madison's departing days. We may seem to have touched lightly on Madison's personal character. In doing so, we have but followed the example of Mr. Rives, an example which we could wish to see more widely followed by American biographers. In the case of Madison, there is no great temptation either to extravagant hero-worship or details of petty gossip. His private life was uneventful. He was never married, and though he seems to have been one of the most dutiful and affectionate of sons, yet his family relations show little of that play of character on which a biographer would be glad to dwell. Indeed, throughout our study of Madison, we cannot avoid a feeling that the man is less than his work. In this respect he somewhat resembles his two great contemporaries, Washington and Franklin. The three men differed widely, but one feature was common to them all. Their greatness did not rest so much on the extent or nature of their abilities as on the manner in which those abilities were employed. In this, as in so many other points, the statesmen of the American Revolution remind us of their great prototypes, the English statesmen of the seventeenth century, the Parliamentary opponents of the Stuarts. Madison and Franklin, like Pym and Hampden, beyond doubt possessed great powers of action, but it was not that which raised them so high above the common run of men. Their true greatness lay in their insight into public opinion, their calm self-restraint, above all, in that public spirit and temperate love of freedom which formed part of their heritage as Englishmen.

From All The Year Round.  
THE SHADOW OF A DREAM.

## A STORY.

I NEVER had any thought of danger during the whole twenty years I made the journey; nothing ever happened to me; and then to think the very first time this youngster goes, he—but I must begin at the beginning.

The way of our bank at Charrendon was just this. We had several branches at distant places—small towns, you understand, where there was not enough business done to pay for keeping a clerk constantly on the spot, so we only had an office, and only opened it on market-days, once a week.

One of us used to go over in the morning and return at night. The railway helped us to three of these journeys, but the fourth, to Meresdene, had to be made by gig. The place lay fifteen miles off, in the very bosom of the downs, and the road ran all in amongst them, and sometimes over their topmost shoulders. It was for the most part lopely, and in winter sometimes very rough and bleak. I had to do the day's business at Meresdene, but, beyond bitter winds, snow, and rain, nothing ever befell me, as I have said, for twenty years. In the summer it was a pleasant drive; in winter, of course, in bad weather, it was an unpleasant one—that was all the impression it ever made upon me. Young Chase, however, never seemed to fancy it; from the first, when it was talked about for him to do, he did not like the idea. He told me so, and I laughed at him. I said, "Oh! you won't mind it; after a bit you'll think nothing of it, no more than I do." You understand, he was not used to the country; he had been born and bred in London, and they drafted him from our chief office there, down here, for the sake of his health. He had been ailing a long while; the doctors said he ought to live out of town; and, being a trusty servant, and liked by our manager, an exchange was arranged.

He had been at Charrendon about six months, and did not seem much the better for the change. He was tall and muscular, but a thin, pale-faced, large-eyed fellow, always fond of reading Shakespeare and the like, and had a dreamy, absent kind of way with him at times; and was particularly fond, in his leisure, of wandering over our downs with his book. He often used to talk to me about them, saying how beautiful they were, and that no sort of country that he had ever been in

had impressed him so much. I am afraid I did not greatly sympathize with him; the downs had never been anything to me. Indeed, I don't know that I ever gave them a thought, till he used to speak about them, and yet I have lived hard by them nearly all my life.

Well, as I was saying, he had been with us six months, and it was just about the beginning of November, when I was attacked by rheumatism. They said if I did not take care, I should be laid up, and that I must not expose myself through the coming cold weather. This led to young Chase's having to do my work at Meresdene. So I drove him over one week to show him the road, and the way the work was done, that he might be able to take my place the following week and for the rest of the winter.

Now it was when this was settled that he first seemed to shirk the job. He told me that he had been constantly dreaming about the downs, and, as he seemed to say, one particular part of them. Mind you, he had never seen the place, didn't know there was such a place really; but he said he had dreamt of it over and over again, and it always made him uncomfortable. It was a deep chalk-cutting, he said, past which the road wound up the side of a hill from one of the bottoms or valleys. In a sort of way, he described the place to me, but, bless your heart, I never paid any heed to it; I didn't recognize it as any place I knew; and it was only when I was driving him over to Meresdene, that I found out what he meant.

We were exactly half-way on our journey, and had turned on to what are known as the Whiteways; that is, several narrow chalk tracks which show up very white across the turf, and run side by side with the road for some distance, as it descends the steep hill past a great chalk-cutting. This, perhaps, is the most solitary and exposed part of the drive, and lies on one of the highest ridges of the Downs. There is no habitation for a good mile on either hand; Dene's Gate turnpike, at the bottom of the hill, being the nearest; and when we came to the beginning of the descent, where we could see down into the valley—there's a splendid view, mind you, there—he almost frightened the life out of me by suddenly jumping up from his seat and exclaiming: "There! there it is! that's the place; that's the very place I've seen a hundred times before, in my dreams! I have seen it every night, for a month past!"

Sure enough, the road passes the chalk-

cutting, but I had never thought anything of that, and it had never occurred to me as being the place he meant.

"Well," I said, "sit down; don't excite yourself like that, you'll upset the gig. If it is the place, it won't bite you!" And then he sank down quietly by my side, his chin dropped on his chest, one of his dreamy fits came on, and he never spoke another word till we reached Meresdene.

The little town was busy with the sheep-market, and he roused up throughout the day. He was always nimble at his work, soon took in what was to be done, and was quite comfortable until we set out homewards. Then the dreamy fit seemed to come on again. It was past five o'clock, and getting dark, when we stopped at Dene's Gate turnpike to light our lamps. Soon after this, we began to ascend the hill, near the top of which is the chalk-cutting and the Whiteways. I was on the look-out for what he would do here, expecting some oddity, for he was always odd; but he remained silent, and beyond fidgeting in his seat, and looking from side to side of the road, and up at the steep cliff of chalk as far as the twilight and glitter of our lamps would show it him, he did nothing; and when we got back to Charrendon, I said: "Well, there's not much to be afraid of in that day's work, is there? And now that you have seen the reality, perhaps you'll leave off dreaming about the Whiteways." He merely smiled, and said: "Oh, no, of course not; it's only a stupid fancy I had. There's no difficulty about the journey; I shall do it all right enough." Yet I thought he forced himself rather to say this, and didn't mean it.

Well, nothing particular happened during the next week, only I noticed that young Chase was a little more dreamy and odd than usual. I said to him on the Tuesday (as he was to go on the Wednesday): "You don't really mind this job, do you? or would you like to have some one with you? We might send the ostler lad, I think." Whereupon he said, very hurriedly and anxiously, I thought: "Oh dear no; no, certainly not; on no account!" and I answered, "Well, I think you are right; it would look rather silly; you might get laughed at." Though I am bound to say of late years, since the railways have brought London so much closer to us, people have more than once said that they thought it rather foolhardy of me to come back at night alone in the winter, seeing there was always a good sum of money in the driving-seat, the farmers' payings-in,

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and the like, during the day, you understand. But, bless your heart, I never had any fear, and I could not understand why anybody else should; so I was quite relieved when young Chase plucked up, and would not hear of having anybody with him.

Well, off he went. We were very busy all day, and I thought no more about him. My time home from Meresdene had usually been a little before seven, according to the roads and the weather. I live over the office, you understand, and I have done so ever since I was made chief clerk. I looked at my watch after I had had my tea, and was astonished to see it was half past seven. I was astonished, that is, because young Chase was not back; and I confess I began to get a little fidgety, when another half-hour passed, and still he had not returned. I looked out of the window and saw there was a thick fog—so thick, I could not see the lamps on the other side of the market-place. This accounted for his delay in my mind; the thing had happened to me; but the roads are so white, and Jenny, the old mare, knew them so well, that beyond going slowly there was no difficulty; but still, when ten, half past, and eleven came, and no sign of young Chase—well! I didn't like it, and I was going to send over to the chief of the police, when the horse and gig came trotting up to the door.

I looked out. The fog was all gone, and it was a bright starlight night; but you may judge my state of mind when, going down, who should be at the door but Joe Muzzle, the turnpike-man from Dene's Gate, and another.

Says he, very excited, and hurrying over his words: "Your young man, sir, found for dead just below the Whiteways. We can't tell northin' at all about it. My missus and I was just going to turn in, when we heerd somethin' clanking agin the gate like: I goes out, and there be'es a horse and gig, and ne'er a driver, and on examination I find it be'es your gig, reins cut or broke, and dragglin' on the road; there be'es a bit of a fog about, and I sings out, but no one answers, so I routs my youngster out o' bed, and sends him off to Gray's Farm, the nearest house, for help, for I know'd there must ha' been an accident, for I let the young gentleman through the gate at the reg'lar time, soon after five this afternoon, on his way home, and he gives me a sort of sleepy nod like, without speaking; and 'Now where be'es 'un?' I says to my missus, for it was just nine then, and chaise and he ought to

have been at Charrendon long ago. This man, Farmer Gray's foreman, comes back with my boy in about half an hour, and with a couple of lanterns we goes slowly on to the Whiteways, leading the horse and gig with us, 'specting to find the young gentleman pitched out, or somethin' like that. And, sure enough, just when we gets under that there old chalk-cutting, this man here comes upon his body just above the edge of the slope, for the fog had lifted then, and we could see plainly. He seemed quite dead, and we thought the best thing we could do was to take 'un back to the pike, which we done, in the gig, as quick as possible. Then I sends my boy to Meresdene, for the doctor, and he's with 'un now, and then he sends me on here to tell you. I've spliced the reins up a bit, and we got through, and werry sad it all be'es, bain't it? and now what be'es best to be done?"

This was a puzzling question, truly, but I went and woke up the police, and two or three of our clerks, and then we had some more talk with Joe Muzzle. Joe is quite a character in his way, and if you give him a start, he'll run on, clacking like a clock. I did give him a start, and then he said: "Searching about the place where we found the poor young gen'lman, as well as we could with the lanterns, we finds the cushions pitched out and the whip broke in two—'fraid I left that at the pike; but here be'es some proper mar-drous weepens," and he produced from his capacious pockets a pair of small flint-lock pistols; "there warn't nothing else to show what had happ'd but the off gig-step seems to have got a twist-like, and the off lamp be stove in—that, I reckon, was comin' agin' the pike with ne'er a driver."

Here we adjourned to the stable, to examine the gig, and you'll understand that all this time my mind was running on the cash. Was that safe, I wondered?

To my dismay there was not a sign of it in the driving-seat. This led to more questioning of Muzzle, but he swore there was nothing else found on the road, except what he had produced. It seemed as if he were about right, for, to cut this part of my story short, we could not come on any trace of it, though we knew pretty well to a penny how much young Chase had, and what shape it was in. Afterwards a sort of suspicion did fall on Muzzle, and the man who helped him; their belongings were all overhauled, but with no result. I need not tell you that this affair made a great commotion for miles round. It got into the London papers. We had a host

of inspectors and detectives down; our bank offered a reward, and so did the government, for the apprehension of the thief.

Young Chase lay at the little turnpike for over a fortnight, quite insensible, like a log. He had received a concussion of the brain, the doctors said; but beyond this, there was no injury apparent. They couldn't quite make it out; no more could anybody, for the matter of that; and even when he had shown signs of life and opened his eyes, he was for a month or two unable to speak coherently, or understand what was said to him. All this while, you can guess that enquiries and examinations were going on in all directions, but there was no clue to the robbery, for robbery there had been, no doubt, or where was the money? One of the pistols was discovered to be loaded, whilst the other, though the hammer was down, did not appear to have been fired; both pan and barrel were quite empty and clean; clearly he had not been shot at. Then to whom did the pistols belong? He was never known to possess any, and they bore no maker's name; at least there were signs that it had been erased. The keenest wits of Scotland Yard were baffled; we could make nothing of it; not a person was apprehended, even on suspicion.

I must now tell you, however, as ill-luck would have it, the news of the poor young fellow's mischance was such a severe shock to his aged mother—the only relative he had, that we knew of—that she died two days after she heard it. Hence I was deputed privately by our directors to look over young Chase's room and effects. This led to our getting a sort of clue—at least, it made a link in the chain, though perhaps on the whole it rather added to the mystery, as you will say, when you have read this paper. I found it in an envelope inscribed with these words: "To be given to my mother, if I do not return this night from Meresdene. — November 15, 1846."

And this is what the paper contained:—

"Years have passed since the first faint shadow of the dream fell across my life. I have put it aside again and again, as an idle and vain imagining, but it has always returned; sooner or later, the vision has always revisited my pillow. Still, how could I, a sensible man with my faculties about me, conceive that it should mean anything more than one of those curious freaks of our uncontrolled sleeping



thoughts common to all? How could I imagine that it pointed to a reality? yet, when six months ago, I found that circumstances beyond my control had brought me into the sort of country that made the background of this dream, I marked the strangeness of the coincidence. When, too, I found with this that the dream was far more frequent in recurrence, and more vivid and circumstantial in detail, I was not the less impressed. And when at last I saw that events were conspiring to necessitate my making a night journey across the downs alone, the shadow of the dream oppressed me with a vague dread. I used to think of Hamlet's words: 'O God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams!' I was absolutely sure, when starting on that preliminary drive last week, that I should see the spot. I knew it as a foregone conclusion, so that when we turned the brow of that last big down, and came upon what they call the Whiteways, and the hill road running past the chalk-cutting lay before me, I instantly recognized the place which had for all these years been the one prevailing picture of my dream.

"There it was! There was the scene, as it first faintly presented itself to my sleeping eyes years ago; as it had ever since continued to come before them at intervals with increasing vividness. The effect on the landscape of a winter's twilight, deepening into night, began to suggest itself after a while. In addition to this, I could at times discern, but only in that vague manner belonging to dreams, a horse and gig toiling slowly up the hill. This incident also gradually increased in reality, and by the time I had been here at Charrendon a month I could often see that it was myself who was driving. Almost every night I dreamt that I saw myself doing this. I was alone in the gig, the lamps were lighted, and gave to the white horse, and the chalk-cutting under which I was forever passing, a spectral aspect. I never seemed to get beyond this spot, until there first arose a talk in the office about the possibility of my having to do our chief clerk's (Mr. Shepfold's) work at Meresdene. After this, there was a change and confusion in the vision. A frosty fog hung about; the gig-lamps glimmered through it fitfully, giving an unusual phantom-like look to all I beheld. I saw myself for an instant driving as usual, but the next the horse and gig had vanished, and I was bending over the form of a man prostrate on the road. In one of

his hands he held the leather padlocked bag which contained the bank money. A crape mask hid his face, but there was an ominous streak of red upon the white road beside him, and my hands were tinted with the same color. Intense horror possessed me, for I felt that I had killed him! Aghast at the deed, I strove to drag his body to the side of the Whiteways, opposite the chalk-cutting, where the down slopes abruptly to a hollow some hundreds of feet below. In my attempts to do this I always awoke. Then, every night for three or four weeks, was I haunted and made miserable by this accursed dream, and when I knew that it was finally settled that I should have to make the journey alone, and discovered that there existed a spot on the road, actually resembling in all its details that which I was only too familiar with, I could no longer mistake the meaning of my dream. It could be nothing but a portent—a warning of what might happen to me. I should be there; I should pass the place on my journey home, in darkness and alone—conditions favorable to the attack which I could not but suppose now would be made upon me, for the sake of the money which my business would oblige me to carry. I should defend it, and I should kill my assailant! Yet why was the veil, which it is the privilege of man to find ever hanging before his future, lifted for me? What have I done, that the one shield which guards the happiness of human beings, that ignorance of what the next day or the next hour may have in store for them, should be dashed from my too far-seeing eyes? Why has my life been gradually and irresistibly embittered by a sight of what might justifiably, though unintentionally, be forced upon me?

"That a man, in the contemplation of some hideous crime, should be warned from it in a dream that showed him to what it would lead, seems feasible; and we have heard that such things have been, and that men have been turned from their evil purpose thereby. But that I, knowing of no malicious intention; having, as God is my judge, none in my heart; should have thus been persecuted by some fiendish, uncontrollable phantom of the brain, which, by its persistent nightly presence should have shed its horrid shadow on my daily life, was unaccountable.

"Yet there was more behind; more mystery to aggravate the terror. Coming home after that visit to Meresdene with Mr. Shepfold, I threw myself on my bed, with a dread of sleep that I cannot express.



Perfectly certain now that I should go on dreaming till the end was reached, I determined I would not sleep. I lay there, devising some plan by which I could avert this impending catastrophe. It was my duty to do so, both to myself and my employers; for the sum of money I should have with me would be very large. I would detail to them exactly what I have said above; I would urge them to see it as I saw it—that it was an unmistakable warning which we had no right to disregard. They might think me a fool, a lunatic, a coward—what they pleased; but I would not take that journey alone, and I hoped they would not wish it. Yes, I would state my case the following morning. An infinite sense of relief came over me when I had made this decision, a calm to which I had been a stranger for months—a calm, indeed, that, despite my resolution, soothed me to sleep.

"Instantly I dreamt. Of course I was upon the downs, under the usual circumstances; the frosty fog, the gig with glimmering lights, the chalk-cutting, the hill road beneath it, the Whiteways, as I now knew the spot to be called; then the prostrate form upon the road, the red stain upon the chalk, my figure with the bloody hands, bending over it; details which I had always been able to discern plainly in my dreams, notwithstanding the want of light; and the effort I myself am making to drag the body across the road, to hurl it down the steep slope!

"But ah! what new and strange revelation is this? what new and terrible solution to this mysterious dreaming is about to be made to me? The crape mask, that has always hitherto hidden from me the man's face, is gone! and I behold in my assailant and robber the unmistakable features of — but I dare not write his name, lest this fall into other hands than yours, mother—but you will understand who it was I thus saw in my dream, when I say it was he who is the unhappy cause of our great grief and sorrow, and whom we suppose now to be far away. I was awake again the instant after this, in a frame of mind exceeding in its agony anything I had ever felt. If I might accept all that had gone before as a portent, why should I doubt the catastrophe was to be brought about by this unhappy man? it would not be more marvellous than any other part of my never-failing dream. Should there be any truth in it and it was my destiny to be attacked and robbed by him, then there was sufficient reason for my not claiming the protection which a

companion on that journey might give me. No; I now knew I must go alone to meet whatever might befall, or to dispel at once and forever the shadow of the dream. If I was really so to meet him in the flesh, if he really be in England, no one must know it but myself. Then the dream may, after all, become the beneficent means of saving him, and preserving me from the committal of a deed that would weigh upon me to the end of time.

"Thus concluding on the morning after my expedition with Mr. Shepfold, I had but to wait for this the momentous day. It has come, and in a few hours I shall be on my road. For the last seven successive nights, the vision, with all its latest circumstances, has been present whenever, through sheer fatigue, I have given way to sleep; whilst by day, its shadow has darkened on me hourly, to the exclusion of all but that scene on the Whiteways.

"I start, at least prepared."

Very dim was the light, however, that this statement let in upon the catastrophe. To be brief, it led to nothing practical; nothing could be done until young Chase had recovered sufficiently to be able to give a personal account of the affair. Months passed before this was possible; his health returned very slowly. The doctors forbade any questioning or excitement, and I really didn't know the details of anything that had transpired until he was pronounced fit to appear before our board of directors.

Then I was present, with the rest of the people concerned. It was like a private court of justice, and young Chase was arraigned, as it were, like a criminal. When he came into the room his altered appearance was startling. I had only seen him twice since his setting out on the fatal journey: once, when he was lying quite insensible at the turnpike; and once, when he was only a little better, at the county hospital. He now looked twenty years older; his thin, pale face was deeply furrowed, his long dark hair thickly tinged with grey, and the dreamy expression in his large eyes had changed to one of wildness, whilst his black clothes added to his weird, ghost-like appearance. He pulled himself together, however, by a great effort, and, in answer to the questions the chairman put, this is about what he said, as near as I can remember.

"The statement which you, gentlemen, found addressed to my poor mother, and which you have just read to me, is strictly true to the letter. It is fuller than

any account I can give now of my feelings and state of mind prior to the 15th of November. I have very little to add, but I will tell you what I can.

"As I approached the Whiteways, on my return-homeward journey, all the conditions of my dream were realized. I appeared to have been within them so often before, that I might have been dreaming then. Everything was so familiar. There was no difference between my sensations asleep or awake. I had no sense of being, of actual existence, in one state more than in the other. I felt I was gliding to my destiny, gliding without movement, without bodily effort, precisely as one does in sleep. I can give no better account of what happened. The fog wrapped me round. There was an interval, an impression that I was struggling, I appeared to fall; and then I awoke in the hospital, two months back. I can tell you no more."

"But did you see no one? Did no one stop you?"

"No one, that I am aware of; but I could not swear it," was the answer.

"But the pistols; were they yours?"

"Yes; mechanically I had provided myself with them; but with no thought of using them. If I remember rightly, I took them from my pocket, and placed them between my feet when I left Dene's Gate. I wished no one to know that I was armed."

"And, on your word and honor, Mr. Chase, you do not remember being attacked?"

"On my oath, I remember no more than I have told you."

"And the money; where was that?"

"In the driving-seat under me, in the padlocked leather bag which Mr. Shepfold always used."

"You know nothing more of it than that it was there when you started?"

"Nothing; on my oath."

Then, after a long pause, during which many signs of dissatisfaction spread through all listeners, the chairman continued, as he referred to Chase's statement, —

"It is now my duty to ask you to whom, in this extraordinary story you have given of your dream, you refer as your visionary assailant. It is most essential — vital to your interests — that you keep nothing back from us, whether asleep or awake."

Here Chase was visibly moved. He shrank, as it were, within himself; he dropped his eyes, cowering. Presently he said, recovering slightly, —

"I had hoped to have been spared this,

seeing that my words were intended for no eyes but my mother's."

"The whole business," went on the chairman, "is so visionary and unsatisfactory, that you are bound to explain to whom you refer; your position with us demands it. You have been a tried and trustworthy servant, but you will forfeit all the past if you do not aid us in our efforts to discover the perpetrator of this robbery. An indication of who this mysterious person is may give us a clue. I conjure you to tell us everything, Mr. Chase."

Again he resisted; again he was urged to speak; he continued silent, growing paler every moment. There was a nervous clutching of the hands and twitching of the mouth; he staggered as if he were going to faint; he sank upon a chair, and his head drooped; it was a very painful scene now, for he was much respected. Once again, the chairman insisted, commanding him to say to whom he alluded.

At length he arose, looking more like a ghost than anybody I ever saw, and, gazing vacantly round the room with a return of his old, dreamy air, said in a faint and hollow voice, and without seeming to address any one in particular: "It matters little now. The shadow falls upon me for the last time; it can never lift again. He casts it upon me; he has blighted my life; he hastens my death."

"Who? Whom do you mean?" cried the chairman. For one minute Chase seemed brought back to a waking state. He looked straight at the chairman as he replied: "My brother, sir; my twin brother. I will conceal nothing from you now. When only sixteen years of age he was transported for forgery. We contrived to hide the business from our friends; had we not done so, I should never have obtained the post of trust I have held in your bank. Had the fact of his existence even reached your ears while I yet held it, you would have taken it from me, and I and my mother would have been irretrievably disgraced. This is why I did not write his name in that statement. But his name was Edward, and you will find the record in —" The speaker suddenly stopped, put his hand to his forehead, once more staggered back into the chair, and thence fell heavily to the floor.

The doctor, who had watched his case throughout, was by his side instantly, and, after the very slightest examination, pronounced him dead.

There is no occasion to dwell upon what

immediately followed. His dying statement was found to be correct, and an Edward Chase—twin brother to John—proved to have been transported two years before the latter obtained his bank appointment.

Our directors made it their business, through the Home Office, to get every information concerning this man, and the whole of this strange business is made the stranger by what they thus discovered. It turned out, after the most careful scrutiny and comparison of dates, that the convict, Edward Chase, had not only never left the Australian penal colony to which he had been consigned, and therefore could never have had a hand in the robbery on the Whiteways, but that, after committing a series of crimes as a bushranger, he was convicted of having robbed and killed a man on a lonely highway, on the 15th of November, '46; that he escaped, and being recaptured at the end of some months, was actually executed on the very day that poor John fell down dead in our board-room!

These are the facts, and, I suppose, justify the name which, in this neighborhood, is given to the story. It has been a terrible shadow indeed. It rested on the whole of us for a long time, I can tell you; but, for my part, I think it all came from poor John's encouraging his dreamy fancies for wandering about the downs and lonely places, and reading poetry, Shakespeare, and the like. I don't hold with that sort of thing; it partly turned his head, poor fellow, I'm sure—at least, you will understand that's the way in which I account for it all, for you'll never convince me that there was anything more than coincidence in it. The poor fellow's queer, odd nature was so worked upon, that he probably had a fit when he got to the Whiteways, and fell out of the gig. The doctor told me privately that was his opinion; and it was a fit that killed him in the end. I am not going to believe, as some folks do hereabouts, that there was any spiritual influence at work in his dreaming. Why, I know a man who wants to make out that it was the villainous life the brother in Australia was leading, and his contemplation of the murder which he committed on the 15th of November, that affected the mind of John Chase, here in England—through their twinning, you understand. Bah! I'm not going to believe that kind of stuff—no, I'm too matter-of-fact for that, I hope. You shake you heads; but the end proves I'm right, I think.

Eight years and a half passed, and the matter was almost forgotten, when, one

spring, the little mere, which lies between Gray's Farm and the town of Meresdene, was drained, and, amongst the white chalky mud, what did the workmen come upon but an old brown leather bag, with a padlock! My old leather bag, with all the money that poor John Chase had with him when he left the bank that night—every penny of it intact, except for the rotting which the notes and cheques had got from the wet.

Well, for a day or two this was the greatest wonder of all. However could it have got there? The neighborhood all round was talking about it, and, as a matter of course, it comes to the ears of a certain man, lying sick, well-nigh to death, of a fever at Gray's Farm. When he hears of this find he turns very uncomfortable, sends for the parson, and says he,—

"I can't die with it on my soul—I flung that bag into the mere, I did."

"How did you come by it?"

"Why, when Joe Muzzle and I came upon the body of that poor young Chase, lying upon the Whiteways, and were groping about with the lanterns, and picking up the whip, and the cushions, and the pistols, and all the rest of it, I kicked against the bag. Joe never saw me. I guessed what it contained. I slipped it into my pocket, and said nothing about it. When I got home I found I couldn't open it, and I hid it for two or three days under my bed. Then, when it got wind that the police were likely to search Joe's crib and mine, why, I grew frightened lest it should be found on me. I slipped out in the middle of the night, and flung it into the mere."

With this confession on his lips, the man died; and the man was Farmer Gray's foreman!

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From Macmillan's Magazine.  
JOHNSON'S LIVES.

*Da mihi, Domine, scire quod sciendum est*—"Grant that the knowledge I get may be the knowledge which is worth having!"—the spirit of that prayer ought to rule our education. How little it does rule it, every discerning man will acknowledge. Life is short, and our faculties of attention and of recollection are limited; in education we proceed as if our life were endless, and our powers of attention and recollection inexhaustible. We have not time or strength to deal with half of the matters which are thrown upon our minds,

and they prove a useless load to us. When some one talked to Themistocles of an art of memory, he answered: "Teach me rather to forget!" The sarcasm well criticises the fatal want of proportion between what we put into our minds and their real needs and powers.

From the time when first I was led to think about education, this want of proportion is what has most struck me. It is the great obstacle to progress, yet it is by no means remarked and contended against as it should be. It hardly begins to present itself until we pass beyond the strict elements of education — beyond the acquisition, I mean, of reading, of writing, and of calculating so far as the operations of common life require. But the moment we pass beyond these, it begins to appear. Languages, grammar, literature, history, geography, mathematics, the knowledge of nature — what of these is to be taught, how much, and how? There is no clear, well-grounded consent. The same with religion. Religion is surely to be taught, but what of it is to be taught, and how? A clear, well-grounded consent is again wanting. And taught in such fashion as things are now, how often must a candid and sensible man, if he could be offered an art of memory to secure all that he has learned of them, as to a very great deal of it be inclined to say with Themistocles: "Teach me rather to forget!"

In England the common notion seems to be that education is advanced in two ways principally: by forever adding fresh matters of instruction, and by preventing uniformity. I should be inclined to prescribe just the opposite course; to prescribe a severe limitation of the number of matters taught, a severe uniformity in the line of study followed. Wide ranging, and the multiplication of matters to be investigated, belong to private study, to the development of special aptitudes in the individual learner, and to the demands which they raise in him. But separate from all this should be kept the broad, plain lines of study for almost universal use. I say *almost* universal, because they must of necessity vary a little with the varying conditions of men. Whatever the pupil finds set out for him upon these lines, he should learn; therefore it ought not to be too much in quantity. The essential thing is that it should be well chosen. If once we can get it well chosen, the more uniformly it can be kept to, the better. The teacher will be more at home; and besides, when we have got what is good and suitable, there is small

hope of gain, and great certainty of risk, in departing from it.

No such lines are laid out, and perhaps no one could be trusted to lay them out authoritatively. But to amuse oneself with laying them out in fancy is a good exercise for one's thoughts. One may lay them out for this or that description of pupil, in this or that branch of study. The wider the interest of the branch of study taken, and the more extensive the class of pupils concerned, the better for our purpose. Suppose we take the department of letters. It is interesting to lay out in one's mind the ideal line of study to be followed by all who have to learn Latin and Greek. But it is still more interesting to lay out the ideal line of study to be followed by all who are concerned with that body of literature which exists in English, because this class is so much more numerous amongst us. The thing would be, one imagines, to begin with a very brief introductory sketch of our subject; then to fix a certain series of works to serve as what the French, taking an expression from the builder's business, call *points de repère* — points which stand as so many natural centres, and by returning to which we can always find our way again, if we are embarrassed; finally, to mark out a number of illustrative and representative works, connecting themselves with each of these *points de repère*. In the introductory sketch we are amongst generalities, in the group of illustrative works we are amongst details; generalities and details have, both of them, their perils for the learner. It is evident that, for purposes of education, the most important parts by far in our scheme are what we call the *points de repère*. To get these rightly chosen and thoroughly known is the great matter. For my part, in thinking of this or that line of study which human minds follow, I feel always prompted to seek, first and foremost, the leading *points de repère* in it.

In editing for the use of the young the group of chapters which are now commonly distinguished as those of the Babylonian Isaiah, I drew attention to their remarkable fitness for serving as a point of this kind to the student of universal history. But a work which by many is regarded as simply and solely a document of religion, there is difficulty, perhaps, in employing for historical and literary purposes. With works of a secular character one is on safer ground. And for years past, whenever I have had occasion to use Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," the



thought has struck me how admirable a *point de repère*, or fixed centre of the sort described above, these lives might be made to furnish for the student of English literature. If we could but take, I have said to myself, the most important of the lives in Johnson's volumes, and leave out all the rest, what a text-book we should have! The volumes at present are a work to stand in a library, "a work which no gentleman's library should be without." But we want to get from them a text-book, to be in the hands of every one who desires even so much as a general acquaintance with English literature; and so much acquaintance as this who does not desire? The work as Johnson published it is not fitted to serve as such a text-book; it is too extensive, and contains the lives of many poets quite insignificant. Johnson supplied lives of all whom the booksellers proposed to include in their collection of "British Poets;" he did not choose the poets himself, although he added two or three to those chosen by the booksellers. Whatever Johnson did in the department of literary biography and criticism possesses interest and deserves our attention. But in his "Lives of the Poets" there are six of pre-eminent interest; the lives of six men who, while the rest in the collection are of inferior rank, stand out as names of the first class in English literature — Milton, Dryden, Swift, Addison, Pope, Gray. These six writers differ among themselves, of course, in power and importance, and every one can see, that, if we were following certain modes of literary classification, Milton would have to be placed on a solitary eminence far above any of them. But if, without seeking a close view of individual differences, we form a large and liberal first class among English writers, all these six personages — Milton, Dryden, Swift, Addison, Pope, Gray — must, I think, be placed in it. Their lives cover a space of more than a century and a half, from 1608, the year of Milton's birth, down to 1771, the date of the death of Gray. Through this space of more than a century and a half the six lives conduct us. We follow the course of what Warburton well calls "the most agreeable subject in the world, which is literary history," and follow it in the lives of men of letters of the first class. And the writer of their lives is himself, too, a man of letters of the first class. Malone calls Johnson "the brightest ornament of the eighteenth century." He is justly to be called, at any rate, a man of letters of the first class, and the

greatest power in English letters during the eighteenth century. And in these characteristic lives, not finished until 1781, and "which I wrote," as he himself tells us, "in my usual way, dilatorily and hastily, unwilling to work and working with vigor and haste," we have Johnson followed by years, Johnson in his ripeness and plenitude, treating the subject which he loved best and knew best. Much of it he could treat with the knowledge and sure tact of a contemporary; even from Milton and Dryden he was scarcely further separated than our generation is from Burns and Scott. Having all these recommendations, his "Lives of the Poets" do indeed truly stand for what Boswell calls them, "the work which of all Dr. Johnson's writings will perhaps be read most generally and with most pleasure." And in the lives of the six chief personages of the work, the lives of Milton, Dryden, Swift, Addison, Pope, and Gray, we have its very kernel and quintessence; we have the work relieved of whatever is less significant, retaining nothing which is not highly significant, brought within easy and convenient compass, and admirably fitted to serve as a *point de repère*, a fixed and thoroughly known centre of departure and return, to the student of English literature.

I know of no such first-rate piece of literature, for supplying in this way the wants of the literary student, existing at all in any other language; or existing in our own language, for any period except the period which Johnson's six lives cover. A student cannot read them without gaining from them, consciously or unconsciously, an insight into the history of English literature and life. He would find great benefit, let me add, from reading in connection with each biography something of the author with whom it deals; the first two books, say, of "Paradise Lost," in connection with the life of Milton; "Absalom and Achitophel," and the "Dedication of the *Æneis*," in connection with the life of Dryden; in connection with Swift's life, "The Battle of the Books;" with Addison's, the "Coverley Papers;" with Pope's the imitations of the "Satires" and "Epistles" of Horace. The "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" everybody knows, and will have it present to his mind when he reads the life of Gray. But of the other works which I have mentioned how little can this be said; to how many of us are Pope and Addison and Dryden and Swift, and even Milton himself, mere names, about whose date and history and



supposed characteristics of style we may have learnt by rote something from a handbook, but of the real men and of the power of their works we know nothing! From Johnson's biographies the student will get a sense of what the real men were, and with this sense fresh in his mind he will find the occasion propitious for acquiring also, in the way pointed out, a sense of the power of their works.

This will seem to most people a very unambitious discipline. But the fault of most of the disciplines proposed in education is that they are by far too ambitious. Our improvers of education are almost always for proceeding by way of augmentation and complication; reduction and simplification, I say, is what is rather required. We give the learner too much to do, and we are over-zealous to tell him what he ought to think. Johnson himself has admirably marked the real line of our education through letters. He says in his life of Pope: "Judgment is forced upon us by experience. He that reads many books must compare one opinion or one style with another; and when he compares, must necessarily distinguish, reject, and prefer." The aim and end of education through letters is to get this experience. Our being told by another what its result will properly be found to be, is not, even if we are told aright, at all the same thing as getting the experience for ourselves. The discipline, therefore, which puts us in the way of getting it, cannot be called an inconsiderable or inefficacious one. We should take care not to imperil its acquisition by refusing to trust to it in its simplicity, by being eager to add, set right, and annotate. It is much to secure the reading, by young English people, of the lives of the six chief poets of our nation between the years 1650 and 1750, related by our foremost man of letters in the eighteenth century. It is much to secure their reading, under the stimulus of Johnson's interesting recital and forcible judgments, famous specimens of the authors whose lives are before them. Do not let us insist on also reviewing in detail and supplementing Johnson's work for them, on telling them what they ought really and definitively to think about the six authors and about the exact place of each in English literature. Perhaps our pupils are not ripe for it; perhaps, too, we have not Johnson's interest and Johnson's force; we are not the power in letters for our century which he was for his. We may be pedantic, obscure, dull, everything that bores, rather than everything that

attracts; and so Johnson and his lives will repel, and will not be received, because we insist on being received along with them. Again, as we bar a learner's approach to Homer and Virgil by our *chevaux de frise* of elaborate grammar, so we are apt to stop his way to a piece of English literature by imbedding it in a mass of notes and additional matter. Mr. Croker's edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson" is a good example of the labor and ingenuity which may be spent upon a masterpiece, with the result, after all, really of rather encumbering than illustrating it. All knowledge may be in itself good, but this kind of editing seems to proceed upon the notion that we have only one book to read in the course of our life, or else that we have eternity to read in. What can it matter to our generation whether it was Molly Aston or Miss Boothby whose preference for Lord Lyttelton made Johnson jealous, and produced in his "Life of Lyttelton" a certain tone of disparagement? With the young reader, at all events, our great endeavor should be to bring him face to face with masterpieces, and to hold him there, not distracting or rebutting him with needless excursions or trifling details.

I should like, therefore, to reprint Johnson's six chief lives, simply as they are given in the edition in four volumes octavo, — the edition which passes for being the first to have a correct and complete text, — and to leave the lives, in that natural form, to have their effect upon the reader. I should like to think that a number of young people might thus be brought to know an important period of our literary and intellectual history, by means of the lives of six of its leading and representative authors, told by a great man. I should like to think that they would go on, under the stimulus of the lives, to acquaint themselves with some leading and representative work of each author. In the six lives they would at least have secured, I think, a most valuable *point de repere* in the history of our English life and literature, a point from which afterwards to find their way; whether they might desire to ascend upwards to our anterior literature, or to come downwards to the literature of yesterday and of the present.

The six lives cover a period of literary and intellectual movement in which we are all profoundly interested. It is the passage of our nation to prose and reason: the passage to a type of thought and expression, modern, European, and which on

the whole is ours at the present day, from a type antiquated, peculiar, and which is ours no longer. The period begins with a prose like this of Milton: "They who to states and governors of the commonwealth direct their speech, high court of Parliament! or wanting such access in a private condition, write that which they foresee may advance the public good; I suppose them, if at the beginning of no mean endeavor, not a little altered and moved inwardly in their minds." It ends with a prose like this of Smollett: "My spirit began to accommodate itself to my beggarly fate, and I became so mean as to go down towards Wapping, with an intention to inquire for an old schoolfellow, who, I understood, had got the command of a small coasting vessel then in the river, and implore his assistance." These are extreme instances; but they give us no unfaithful notion of the change in our prose between the reigns of Charles I. and of George III. Johnson has recorded his own impression of the extent of the change and of its salutariness. Boswell gave him a book to read, written in 1702 by the English chaplain of a regiment stationed in Scotland. "It is sad stuff, sir," said Johnson, after reading it; "miserably written, as books in general then were. There is now an elegance of style universally diffused. No man now writes so ill as Martin's 'Account of the Hebrides' is written. A man could not write so ill if he should try. Set a merchant's clerk now to write, and he'll do better."

It seems as if a simple and natural prose were a thing which we might expect to come easy to communities of men, and to come early to them; but we know from experience that it is not so. Poetry and the poetic form of expression naturally precede prose. We see this in ancient Greece. We see prose forming itself there gradually and with labor; we see it passing through more than one stage before it attains to thorough propriety and lucidity, long after forms of consummate adequacy have already been reached and used in poetry. It is a people's growth in practical life, and its native turn for developing this life and for making progress in it, which awakes the desire for a good prose — a prose plain, direct, intelligible, serviceable. A dead language, the Latin, for a long time furnished the nations of Europe with an instrument of the kind, superior to any which they had yet discovered in their own. But nations such as England and France, called to a great historic life, and with powerful interests and

gifts either social or practical, were sure to feel the need of having a sound prose of their own, and to bring such a prose forth. They brought it forth in the seventeenth century; France first, afterwards England.

The Restoration marks the real moment of birth of our modern English prose. Men of lucid and direct mental habit there were, such as Chillingworth, in whom before the Restoration the desire and the commencements of a modern prose show themselves. There were men like Barrow, weighty and powerful, whose mental habit the old prose suited, who continued its forms and locations after the Restoration. But the hour was come for the new prose, and it grew and prevailed. In Johnson's time its victory had long been assured, and the old style seemed barbarous. The prose writers of the eighteenth century have indeed their mannerisms and phrases which are no longer ours. Johnson says of Milton's blame of the universities for allowing young men designed for orders in the church to act in plays: "This is sufficiently peevish in a man, who, when he mentions his exile from college, relates, with great luxuriance, the compensation which the pleasures of the theatre afford him. Plays were therefore only criminal, when they were acted by academics." We should nowadays not say *peevish* here, nor *luxuriance*, nor *academics*. Yet the style is ours by its organism, if not by its phrasing. It is by its organism — an organism opposed to length and involvement, and enabling us to be clear, plain, and short — that English style after the Restoration breaks with the style of the times preceding it, finds the true law of prose, and becomes modern; becomes, in spite of superficial differences, the style of our own day.

Burnet has pointed out how we are under obligations in this matter to Charles II., whom Johnson described as "the last king of England who was a man of parts." A king of England by no means fulfils his whole duty by being a man of parts, or by loving and encouraging art, science, and literature. Yet the artist and the student of the natural sciences will always feel a kindness towards the two Charleses for their interest in art and science; and modern letters, too, have their debt to Charles II., although it may be quite true that that prince, as Burnet says, "had little or no literature." "The king had little or no literature, but true and good sense, and had got a right notion of style; for he was in France at the time when they were much

set on reforming their language. It soon appeared that he had a true taste. So this helped to raise the value of these men (Tillotson and others), when the king approved of the style their discourses generally ran in, which was clear, plain, and short."

It is the victory of this prose style, "clear, plain, and short," over what Burnet calls "the old style, long and heavy," which is the distinguishing achievement, in the history of English letters, of the century following the Restoration. From the first it proceeded rapidly and was never checked. Burnet says of the chancellor Finch, Earl of Nottingham — "He was long much admired for his eloquence, but it was labored and affected, and he saw it much despised before he died." A like revolution of taste brought about a general condemnation of our old prose style, imperfectly disengaged from the style of poetry. By Johnson's time the new style, the style of prose, was altogether paramount in its own proper domain, and in its pride of victorious strength had invaded also the domain of poetry.

That invasion is now visited by us with a condemnation not less strong and general than the condemnation which the eighteenth century passed upon the unwieldy prose of its predecessors. But let us be careful to do justice while we condemn. A thing good in its own place may be bad out of it. Prose requires a different style from poetry. Poetry, no doubt, is more excellent in itself than prose. In poetry man finds the highest and most beautiful expression of that which is in him. We had far better poetry than the poetry of the eighteenth century before that century arrived, we have had better since it departed. Like the Greeks, and unlike the French, we can point to an age of poetry anterior to our age of prose, eclipsing our age of prose in glory, and fixing the future character and conditions of our literature. We do well to place our pride in the Elizabethan age and Shakespeare, as the Greeks placed theirs in Homer. We did well to return in the present century to the poetry of that older age for illumination and inspiration, and to put aside, in a great measure, the poetry and poets intervening between Milton and Wordsworth. Milton, in whom our great poetic age expired, was the last of the immortals. Of the five poets whose lives follow his in our proposed volume, three, Dryden, Addison, and Swift, are eminent prose-writers as well as poets; two of the three, Swift and Addison, far more distinguished as prose-

writers than as poets. The glory of English literature is in poetry, and in poetry the strength of the eighteenth century does not lie.

Nevertheless, the eighteenth century accomplished for us an immense literary progress, and even its shortcomings in poetry were an instrument to that progress, and served it. The example of Germany may show us what a nation loses from having no prose style. The practical genius of our people could not but urge irresistibly to the production of a real prose style, because for the purposes of modern life the old English prose, the prose of Milton and Taylor, is cumbersome, unavailable, impossible. A style of regularity, uniformity, precision, balance, was wanted. These are the qualities of a serviceable prose style. Poetry has a different *logic*, as Coleridge said, from prose; poetical style follows another law of evolution than the style of prose. But there is no doubt that a style of regularity, uniformity, precision, balance, will acquire a yet stronger hold upon the mind of a nation, if it is adopted in poetry as well as in prose, and so comes to govern both. This is what happened in France. To the practical, modern, and social genius of the French, a true prose was indispensable. They produced one of conspicuous excellence, one marked in the highest degree by the qualities of regularity, uniformity, precision, balance. With little opposition from any deep-seated and imperious poetic instincts, they made their poetry conform to the law which was moulding their prose. French poetry became marked with the qualities of regularity, uniformity, precision, balance. This may have been bad for French poetry, but it was good for French prose. It heightened the perfection with which those qualities, the true qualities of prose, were impressed upon it. When England, at the Restoration, desired a modern prose, and began to create it, our writers turned naturally to French literature, which had just accomplished the very process which engaged them. The king's acuteness and taste, as we have seen, helped. Indeed, to the admission of French influence of all kinds, Charles the Second's character and that of his court were but too favorable. But the influence of the French writers was at that moment on the whole fortunate, and seconded what was a vital and necessary effort in our literature. Our literature required a prose which conformed to the true law of prose; and that it might acquire this the more surely, it compelled poetry, as in France, to con-

form itself to the law of prose likewise. The classic verse of French poetry was the Alexandrine, a measure favorable to the qualities of regularity, uniformity, precision, balance. Gradually a measure favorable to those very same qualities—the ten-syllable couplet—established itself as the classic verse of England, until in the eighteenth century it had become the ruling form of our poetry. Poetry, or rather the use of verse, entered in a remarkable degree, during that century, into the whole of the daily life of the civilized classes; and the poetry of the century was a perpetual school of the qualities requisite for a good prose, the qualities of regularity, uniformity, precision, balance. This may have been of no great service to English poetry, although to say that it has been of no service at all, to say that the eighteenth century has in no respect changed the conditions of English poetical style, or that it has changed them for the worse, would be untrue. But, it was undeniably of signal service to that which was the great want and work of the hour, English prose.

Do not let us, therefore, hastily despise Johnson and his century for their defective poetry and criticism of poetry. True, Johnson is capable of saying: "Surely no man could have fancied that he read 'Lycidas' with pleasure had he not known the author!" True, he is capable of maintaining "that the description of the temple in Congreve's 'Mourning Bride' was the finest poetical passage he had ever read—he recollected none in Shakespeare equal to it." But we are to conceive of Johnson and of his century as having a special task committed to them, the establishment of English prose; and as capable of being warped and narrowed in their judgments of poetry by this exclusive task. Such is the common course and law of progress; one thing is done at a time, and other things are sacrificed to it. We must be thankful for the thing done, if it is valuable, and we must put up with the temporary sacrifice of other things to this one. The other things will have their turn sooner or later. Above all, a nation with profound poetical instincts, like the English nation, may be trusted to work itself right again in poetry after periods of mistaken poetical practice. Even in the midst of an age of such practice, and with his style frequently showing the bad influence of it, Gray was saved, we may say, and remains a poet whose work has high and pure worth, simply by knowing the Greeks thoroughly, more

thoroughly than any English poet had known them since Milton. Milton was a survivor from the great age of poetry; Dryden, Addison, Pope, and Swift were mighty workers for the age of prose. Gray, a poet in the midst of the age of prose, a poet, moreover, of by no means the highest force and of scanty productiveness, nevertheless claims a place among the six chief personages of Johnson's lives, because it was impossible for an English poet, even in that age, who knew the great Greek masters intimately, not to respond to their good influence, and to be rescued from the false poetical practice of his contemporaries. Of such avail to a nation are deep poetical instincts even in an age of prose. How much more may they be trusted to assert themselves after the age of prose has ended, and to remedy any poetical mischief done by it! And meanwhile the work of the hour, the necessary and appointed work, has been done, and we have got our prose.

Let us always bear in mind, therefore, that the century so well represented by Dryden, Addison, Pope, and Swift, and of which the literary history is so powerfully written by Johnson in his lives, is a century of prose—a century of which the great work in literature was the formation of English prose. Johnson was himself a laborer in this great and needful work, and was ruled by its influences. His blame of genuine poets like Milton and Gray, his over-praise of artificial poets like Pope, are to be taken as the utterances of a man who worked for an age of prose, who was ruled by its influences, and could not but be ruled by them. Of poetry he speaks as a man whose sense for that with which he is dealing is in some degree imperfect.

Yet even on poetry Johnson's utterances are valuable, because they are the utterances of a great and original man. That indeed he was; and to be conducted by such a man through an important century cannot but do us good, even though our guide may in some places be less competent than in others. Johnson was the man of an age of prose. Furthermore, he was a strong force of conservation and concentration, in an epoch which by its natural tendencies seemed moving towards expansion and freedom. But he was a great man, and great men are always instructive. The more we study him, the higher will be our esteem for the power of his mind, the width of his interests, the largeness of his knowledge, the freshness, fearlessness, and strength of



his judgments. The higher, too, will be our esteem for his character. His well-known lines on Levett's death, beautiful and touching lines, are still more beautiful and touching because they recall a whole history of Johnson's goodness, tenderness, and charity. Human dignity on the other hand, he maintained, we all know how well, through the whole long and arduous struggle of his life, from his servitor days at Oxford, down to the *jam moriturus* of his closing hour. His faults and strangenesses are on the surface, and catch every eye. But on the whole we have in him a good and admirable type, worthy to be kept in our view forever, of "the ancient and inbred integrity, piety, good-nature, and good-humor of the English people."

A volume giving us Johnson's lives of Milton, Dryden, Swift, Addison, Pope, Gray, would give us, therefore, the compendious story of a whole important age in English literature, told by a great man, and in a performance which is itself a piece of English literature of the first class. If such a volume could but be prefaced by Lord Macaulay's "Life of Johnson," it would be perfect.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

WITHIN THE PRECINCTS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XIX.

BUSINESS, OR LOVE?

It was not only in the mind of young Purcell that Lottie's circumstances and prospects were the subject of thought. Rollo Ridsdale had not watched and worshipped as the young musician had done. Nor had he, even on his first introduction to her, looked upon Lottie as anything but the possessor of a beautiful voice, of which use might be made, for her benefit no doubt in the long run, but primarily for his own. She was not a divinity; she was not even a woman; she was a valuable stock-in-trade, a most important implement with which to work. Rollo had gone through a very effectual training in this kind. He had run through the little money he possessed so soon, and had learned the use of his wits so early, that the most energetic of tradesmen was not more alive to all the charms of gain than he. The means, perhaps, may be of a different kind, but it does not very much matter in principle whether a man is trained to sharp bargains in bric-

a-brac, or in cotton bales; and it is not essentially a loftier trade to speculate in pictures and china than in shares and stocks. This young aristocrat had kept his eyes very wide open to anything that might come in his way. He was not a director of companies chiefly because his poor little Honorable was not a sufficiently valuable possession to be traded upon, though it had some small value pecuniarily. Lord Courtland himself might indeed have made a few hundreds a year out of his title, but to his second son the name was not worth as much. It secured him some advantages. It gave him the *entree* to places where things were to be "picked up," and it helped him to puff and even to dispose of the wares which he might have in hand. It kept him afloat; it ameliorated poverty; it took away all objections to the sale and barter in which, profitably or unprofitably, he spent so much of his life. Had he gone upon the Stock Exchange, society would have made comments upon the strange necessity; but when Rollo's collection of *objets d'art* was sold, nobody found anything to object to in the transaction, which put a comfortable sum in his pocket, and enabled him to go forth to fresh fields and pastures new; neither was there anything unbecoming his nobility in the enterprise which he had now in hand. Theatres are not generally a very flourishing branch of commerce; yet it cannot be denied that those who ruin themselves by them, embark in the enterprise with as warm an inclination towards gain as any shopkeeper could boast of. Rollo had thought of Lottie's voice as something quite distinct from any personality. It was a commodity he would like to buy, as he would have liked to buy a picture, or anything rare and beautiful, of which he could be sure that he would get more than his own money for it. In that, as in other things, he would have bought in the cheapest market and sold in the dearest. He would have thought it only right and natural to secure at a low rate the early services of a prima donna. A certain amount of enthusiasm no doubt mingled with the business; just as, had Rollo bought a picture and sold it again, he would have derived a considerable amount of enjoyment from it over and above the profit which went into his pocket; but still he would not have bought the picture, or sought out the future prima donna, on any less urgent and straightforward stimulus than that of gain. Probably, too, the artistic temperament—those characteristics which have to answer for so many

things—influenced him more in the pursuit of the talent which was to make his fortune, than any man is ever influenced by sales of cotton or railway shares. To hear that “shirtings are firm” does not thrill the heart as it does to hear the melody of a lovely new voice, which you feel will pay you nobly by transporting the rest of the world as it does yourself. Neither could any amount of coupons fill you with delight like that small scrap of a Bellini by which you hope to *faire fortune*. But, nevertheless, to make his fortune was what Rollo thought of just as much as the man who sells dusters over his counter. If a new kind of duster could be found more efficacious than any previously known, a something that would dust by itself, that would sell by the million, no doubt the shopkeeper, too, would feel a moment's enthusiasm; yet in this he would be quite inferior to the inventor of a new *prima donna*, who, added to his enjoyment of all that the public gave to hear her, would have the same enjoyment as had the public, without giving anything for it at all.

This had been the simple enthusiasm in Rollo's mind up to his last meeting with Lottie Despard. He had pursued her closely that he might fully understand and know all the qualities of her voice—of the slave he wanted to buy: to know exactly what training it would want, and how much would have to be done to it before it could appear before the public, and begin to pay back what he had given for it. And point by point, as he pursued this quest of his, he had noted in her the qualities of beauty, the grace, the expression, the perfection of form and feature, which were so many additional advantages. The rush of color to her cheek, of spirit or softness to her eyes, had delighted him, as proving in her the power to be an actress as well as a singer. He studied all her looks, interpreted her character to himself, and watched her movements with this end, with a frank indifference to every other, not even thinking what interpretation might be put, what interpretation she might herself put, upon this close and anxious attention. It was not till the evening when, overcome by the feelings which music and excitement had roused in her, Lottie had fled alone to her home, avoiding his escort, that he had suddenly awoke to the consciousness that it was no mere voice, but a young and beautiful woman, with whom he was dealing. The awakening gave him a shock—yet there was pleasure in it, and a flattering consciousness that his *prima donna* had all

along been regarding him in no abstract, but an entirely individual way. Rollo had been brought up among artificial sentiments. He had been used to hear people talk of the effect of music upon their imagination—of the sensations it gave them, and the manner in which they were dominated by it. But he had never seen any one honestly moved like Lottie—abandoning the sphere of her social success, silent in the height of her triumph. When he saw that she could not and would not sing again after that wonderful sacred song, he was himself more vividly impressed than he had ever been by music. It took her voice from her, and her breath—transported her out of herself. How strange it was, yet how real, how natural! just (when you came to think of it) as a pure and elevated mind ought to be touched: though he had never yet seen the fumes of art get so completely into any head before. The reality of Lottie's emotion had awakened Rollo. He was not touched himself by Handel, but he was touched by Lottie. He suddenly saw *her* through the mist of his own preconceived ideas, and through the cloud of conventionalities, those of art and those of society alike. Never in his life before had he so suddenly and distinctly come in contact with a genuine human creature, as God had made her—feeling, moving, living according to the dictates of nature, not as she had been trained to live and feel. This is not to say that he had met with no genuine people in his life. His father and mother were real enough, and so was his aunt, Lady Caroline—very real, each in his or her little setting of conveniences and necessities. He knew them, and was quite indifferent to knowing them. But Lottie was altogether detached from the atmosphere in which these good people lived. And he had discovered her suddenly, making acquaintance with her in a moment—finding her out as an astronomer, all alone with the crowds of heaven, finds out a new star. This was how it made so great an impression on him. He had discovered her, standing quite alone among all the women who knew how to express and to control their emotions. She was not trained either to one or the other. The emotion, the enthusiasm in her got the upper hand of her, not she of them. A man who is only used to men and women in the secondary stages of well-sustained emotion is apt to be doubly impressed by the sight of genuine and artless passion, of whatever kind it may be. He went to town thinking not of the *prima*

donna he had found, but of the woman who had suddenly made heaven and earth real to him as they were to her. He posted up to London—that is, he flew thither in the express train, according to the dictates of his first impulse; but he was so entirely carried away by this second one, that he had almost forgotten his primary purpose altogether. "Ah! that is it," he said to himself when the primadonna idea once more flashed across his mind. He did not want to lose sight of this, or to be negligent of anything that would help to make his fortune.

Rollo was in the greatest need of having his fortune made. He had nothing except very expensive habits. He was obliged to spend a great deal of money in order to live, and he was obliged to live (or so, at least, he thought); and he had no money at all. Therefore a primadonna or something else was absolutely necessary. Accordingly he wound himself up with great energy, and tried to think no more of that other world which Lottie's touch had plunged him into. In the mean time, in this world of theatres, drawing-rooms, and fashionable coteries, where people are compelled to live, whether they will or not, at an enormous cost in money, and where accordingly money must be hunted wherever scent of it can be found, it was necessary that some one, or something, should make Rollo Ridsdale's fortune. He rushed to his *impresario*, and roused a faint enthusiasm momentarily in the mind of that man of great undertakings. An English prima donna, a native article, about whom the English would go wild! Yes! But would they go wild over an English prima donna? Would not the first step be, ere she was presented to the public at all, to fit her with an Italian name? Signorina Carlotta Despada—that was what she would have to be called. The *impresario* shook his head. "And, besides, these native articles never turn out what we are led to expect," he said. He shook his head; he was sorry, very sorry, to disappoint his *confère*, but —

"But — I tell you, you never heard such a voice; the compass of it—the sweetness of it! *simpatia* beyond what words can say—fresh as a lark's—up to anything you can put before her—and with such power of expression. We shall be fools, utter fools, if we neglect such a chance."

"You are very warm," said the manager, rubbing his hands. "She is pretty, I suppose?"

"No," said Rollo; "she is beautiful—and with the carriage of a queen." (Poor Lottie, in her white frock; how little she knew that there was anything queenlike about her!) "Come down and see her. That is all I ask of you. Come and hear her —"

"Where may that be?" said the manager. "I am leaving town on Monday. Can't we have her up to your rooms, or somewhere at hand?"

"My rooms!" said Rollo, thunder-struck. He knew very little about Lottie, except that she was a poor chevalier's daughter; but he felt that he could have as easily invited one of the princesses to come and sing in his rooms, that the representatives of the new opera company might judge of her gifts. His face grew so long that his colleague laughed.

"Is she a personage then, Ridsdale? Is she one of your great friends?" he said.

"She is one of my — friends; but she is not a great personage," said Rollo gloomily, pulling the little peaked beard which he cultivated, and thinking that it would be as difficult to get his manager invited to the Deanery as it would be to bring Lottie to Jermyn Street. These were difficulties which he had not foreseen. He went over the circumstances hurriedly, trying to think what he could do. Could he venture to go in suddenly to the chevalier's lodge, as he had done with Lady Caroline's credentials in his pocket, but this time without any credentials, and introduce his companion, and without further ceremony proceed to test the powers of the girl, who he knew was not always compliant nor to be reckoned on? What if she should decline to be tried? What if she had no intention of becoming a singer at all? What if the manager should condemn her voice as untrained (which it was), or even mistake it altogether, mixing it up with the cracked tones of the old piano, and the jingle of the Abbey bells? He had not thought of all these difficulties before. He had not taken time to ask if Lottie would be docile, if Lady Caroline would be complaisant. He pulled his beard, his face growing longer and longer. At last he said, —

"I'll tell you what we can do. We can go to Mrs. O'Shaughnessy —"

"Who on earth is Mrs. O'Shaughnessy?" said the manager.

"But very likely there is no piano there! You see, this is a difficulty I did not think of. I have heard this lady only in the house of — one of my relations, a very

rigid old person, who hates theatres, and thinks opera an invention of the devil." How Rollo dared slander poor Lady Caroline so, who liked an opera-box as well as any one else, it is impossible to say.

"Well—it doesn't seem to matter much what are the qualities of the voice if we can't hear it," the manager said carelessly; and he told his fashionable partner of the singer he had heard of in Milan, who was to distance all the singers then on the operatic stage. "They are all like that," he said—"like this private nightingale of yours, Ridsdale—till you hear them; and then they turn out to be very much like the rest. To tell the truth, I am not so very sorry this particular *protégée* of yours has broken down; for I don't believe the time has come for an English prima donna, if it ever comes. We've got no confidence in ourselves, so far as art goes—especially musical art. English opera, sir; there's many fine pieces, but you'll never keep it up in England. It might make a hit, perhaps, in Germany, or even France, but not here. Your English prima donna would be considered fit for the music-halls. We'd have to dress her up in vowels, and turn her into an Italian. Contemptible? Oh, yes, it's contemptible; but, if we're to make our own money out of it, we mustn't trouble ourselves about what's contemptible. What we've got to do is to please the public. I'm just as glad that this idea of yours has broken down."

"Broken down! I will never allow it has broken down. It is much easier and pleasanter, of course, to go to Milan, than to go to St. Michael's," said Rollo disdainfully. "But never mind; if you don't start till Monday, trust me to arrange it somehow. Your new Milanese, of course, will be like all the rest. She will have been brought up to it. She will know how to do one thing, and no more; but this is genius—owing nothing to education and everything to nature. Capable of—I could not say what such a voice and such a woman is not capable of—"

"Bravo, Ridsdale!" said his partner. "She is capable of stirring you up thoroughly, that is clear—and I hope she will be kind to you," he said, with a big laugh, full of insinuations. The man was vulgar and fat, but a mountain of energy, and Rollo, though disgusted, could not afford to quarrel with him.

"You are entirely out in your notion," he said, with that air of dignity which is apt to look fictitious in such circumstances. He was not himself easily shocked,

nor would this interpretation of his motives have appeared to him at all unlikely in the case of another man; therefore, as was natural, his gravity and look of disgust only confirmed the suspicions of the other, and amused him the more.

"Bravo, my boy; go in and win!" he said, chuckling; "promise whatever you like, if you find it necessary, and trust me to back you up."

To say "I am unable to understand what you mean," as Rollo did, with cold displeasure, yet consciousness, did but increase the ecstasy of the fat manager over the evident fact that his fastidious friend was "caught at last."

Rollo went away with a great deal of offended dignity, holding himself stiffly erect, body and soul. He had never been so entirely disgusted, revolted, by the coarse character of the ideas and insinuations, which in themselves were not particularly novel, he was aware. It was because everything grew coarse under the touch of such a fellow as this, he said to himself; and it must be allowed that vice, stripped of all sentiment and adornment, was a disgusting spectacle. Rollo had never been a vicious man. He had taken it calmly in others, acknowledging that, if they liked it, he had no right to interfere; but he had not cared for it much himself—he was not a man of passions. A *dilettante* generally does avoid these coarser snares of humanity—and there had always been a sense of nausea in his mind when he was brought in contact with the vicious. But this nausea had been more physical than spiritual. It was not virtue but temperament which produced it; his own temptations were not in this kind. Nevertheless, he knew that to show any exaggerated feeling on the subject would only expose him to laughter, and he was not courageous enough either to blame warmly in others, or to decry strenuously in himself, the existence of unlawful bonds. What did it matter to anybody if he were virtuous? his neighbors were not on that account to be balked of their cakes and ale; his disinclination towards sins of the grosser kind was not a thing he was proud of—it was a constitutional peculiarity, like inability to ascend heights or to go to sea without suffering. He was not at all sure that it was not a sign of weakness—a thing to be kept out of sight. Accordingly he took his part in the social gossip, which has no warmer interest than this, like everybody else, never pretended to any superiority, and took it for granted that now and then everybody "went



wrong." He would have been a monster if he had done anything else. Why, even his good Aunt Caroline—the best and stupidest of women, to whom, if she had desired it, no opportunity of going wrong had ever presented itself—liked to hear these stories and believed them implicitly, and was convinced that not to go wrong was quite exceptional. Rollo was not the man to emancipate himself from such a complete and universal understanding. He allowed it calmly, and did not pretend either to disprove or to doubt. Probably he had himself coldly, and as a matter of course, "gone wrong" too in his day, and certainly he had never given himself out as at all better than his neighbors. Was it only the coarseness of his vulgar associate which made the suggestion so deeply disgusting to him now?

He asked himself this question as, disappointed and annoyed, he left the manager's ostentatious rooms; and a new sense of unkindness, ungenerosity, unmanliness in having exposed a harmless person, a woman whose reputation should be sacred, to such animadversions, suddenly came into his mind, he could not tell how. This view of the matter had never occurred to Rollo before. The women he had heard discussed—and he had heard almost everybody discussed, from the highest to the lowest—had nothing sacred about them to the laughing gossips who discussed all they had done, or might have done, or might be going to do. This, too, was a new idea to him. Who was there whom he had not heard spoken of? ladies a thousand times more important than Miss Despard, the poor chevalier's daughter at St. Michael's—and nobody had seemed to think there was any harm in it. A man's duty not to let a woman be lightly spoken of? Pooh! What an exaggerated, sentimental piece of nonsense! Why should not women take their chance like any one else? Rollo was like most other persons when in a mental difficulty of this kind. He was not so much discussing with himself as he was the arena of a discussion which unseen arguers were holding within him. While one of these uttered this pooh! another replied, with a heat and fervor altogether unknown to the clubs, What had Lottie Despard done to subject herself to these suggestions? she who knew nothing about society and its evil thoughts—she who had it in her to be uplifted and transported by the music at which these other people, at the best, would clap their hands and applaud. The argument in Rollo's mind

went all against himself and his class. He hated not only his manager-partner, whom it was perfectly right and natural to hate, but himself and all the rest of his kind. He was so much disgusted that he almost made up his mind to let fortune and the English prima donna go together, and to take no further step to make the girl known to those who were so incapable of appreciating her. But when he came that length Rollo reached the end of his tether, struck against the uttermost limits of his horizon—and this brought him back suddenly to the question how he was best to make his prize known.

# CHAPTER XX.

## AN UNCONSCIOUS TRIAL.

IT turned out, however, that Rollo could not accomplish the object, which he had aimed at with so much eagerness and hope, in the only legitimate way. He could not get his manager invited to the Deanery. "I don't think your aunt would like it; I don't think I could sanction it," the dean said, whom he met at his club. Unfortunately the dean had somewhere encountered the partner by whose aid Rollo expected to make his fortune, and he made it the subject of a little discourse, which Rollo received with impatience. "I would have nothing to do with him if I were you," his Reverence said; "he is not a kind of man to be any credit to his associates. You can't touch pitch without being defiled. I would not have anything to say to him if I were you."

"Nor should I, uncle, if I were you," said Rollo, with a rueful smile. He was not aware that this was not original; he was not thinking, indeed, of originality, but of the emergency, which he felt was very difficult to deal with.

"Nonsense!" said the dean; "don't tell me there are not a great many better occupations going than that of managing a theatre——"

"Opera—opera. Give us our due at least——"

"What difference is there?" said the dean sternly. "The opera has ruined just as many men as the theatre. Talk of making your fortune! Did you ever hear of the lessee of a theatre making a fortune? Plenty have been ruined by it, and never one made rich that I ever heard of. Why can't you go into diplomacy or to a public office, or get your uncle Urban to give you something? You ought not to have anything to do with such a venture as this."

"My dear uncle," said Rollo, "you know well enough how many things I have tried. Uncles are very kind (as in your case), but they can't take all their relations upon their shoulders; and you knew this was what I was doing, and Aunt Caroline knew —"

"Ah! yes; I recollect that was what all the singing was about; but she could not stand that manager fellow. I could not stand him myself; as for your aunt, you could not expect it. She is very good-natured, but you could not ask her to go so far as that."

"He is a man who goes everywhere," said Rollo; "he is a man who can behave himself perfectly well wherever he is."

"Oh, bless you, she would see through him at a glance!" cried the dean. "I don't mean to say your aunt is clever, Rollo, but instinct goes a long way. She would see through him. Miss Despard was quite different; she was perfectly *comme il faut*. Girls are wonderful sometimes in that way. Though they may have no advantages they seem to pick up and look just as good as any one: whereas a man like that — By the way, I am very sorry for the poor thing. They say her father, a disreputable sort of gay man who never should have got the appointment, is going to marry some low woman. It will be hard upon the girl."

What an opportunity was this of seizing hold upon her — of overcoming any objection that might arise! Rollo felt himself Lottie's best friend as he heard of this complication. While she might help to make his fortune he could make her independent, above the power of any disreputable father or undesirable home. He could not bear to think that such a girl should be lost in conditions so wretched, and, though the dean was obdurate, he did not lose hope. But between Thursday and Monday is not a very long time for such negotiations, and the manager was entirely preoccupied by his Milanese, whom another *impresario* was said to be on the track of, and in whom various connoisseurs were interested. It is impossible to describe the scorn and incredulity with which Rollo himself heard his partner's account of this new singer. He put not the slightest faith in her.

"I know how she will turn out," he said. "She will shriek like a peacock; she will have to be taught her own language; she will be coached up for one *rôle* and good for nothing else; and she will smell of garlic enough to kill you."

"Oh, garlic will never kill me!" said

the vulgar partner who gave Rollo so much trouble.

In the mean time he wrote to the signor to see what could be done, and begged with the utmost urgency that he would arrange something. "Perhaps the old Irishwoman next door would receive us," Rollo said, "even if she has got no piano. Try, my dear Rossinetti, I implore you; try your best." The signor was very willing to serve the dean's nephew; but he was at the moment very much put out by Lottie's reception of young Purcell, as much as if it had been himself that had been refused.

"Who is Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, and how am I to communicate with her?" he cried; and he did not throw himself into the work with any zeal. All that he would do at last, moved by Rollo's repeated letters, was to bid him bring his friend down to the service on Sunday afternoon, when he would see Lottie at least, and hear something of her voice. The manager grinned at this invitation. He was not an enthusiast for Handel, and shrugged his shoulders at sacred music generally as much out of his line; but he ended, having no better engagement on hand, by consenting to go. It was the end of the season; the opera was over, and all its fashionable patrons dispersed; and St. Michael's was something to talk of at least. So the two connoisseurs arrived on a warm afternoon of early August, when the grey pinnacles of the Abbey blazed white in excessive sunshine, and the river showed like glowing metal here and there through the broad valley, too brilliant to give much refreshment to the eyes.

As it happened, it was a chance whether Lottie would attend the service that afternoon at all. She was sorry for poor Purcell, and embarrassed to face the congregation in the Abbey, some of whom at least must know the story. She was certain the signor knew it, from the glance he had thrown at her; and Mrs. Purcell, she felt sure, would gloom at her from the free seats, and the hero himself look wistful and reproachful from the organ-loft. She had very nearly made up her mind not to go. Would it not be better to go out on the slopes, and sit down under a tree, and hear the music softly pealing at a distance, and get a little rest out of her many troubles? Lottie had almost decided upon this when suddenly, by a caprice, she changed her mind and went. Everything came true as she had divined. Mrs. Purcell fixed her eyes upon her from the moment she sat down in her place, with a

gloomy interest which sadly disconcerted Lottie; and so did old Pick, who sat by his fellow-servant and chuckled over the conclusion of Mr. John's romance; while once at least Lottie caught the pale dulness of the signor's face looking disapproval, and at every spare moment the silent appeal of Purcell's eyes looking down from over the railing of the organ-loft. Lottie's heart revolted a little in resistance to all these pitiful and disapproving looks. Why should they insist upon it? If she could not accept young Purcell, what was it to the signor and old Pick?—though his mother might be forgiven if she felt the disappointment of her boy. The girl shrank a little from all those glances, and gave herself up altogether to her devotions. Was it to her devotions? There was the captain chanting all the responses within hearing, cheerful and self-confident, as if the Abbey belonged to him; and there, too, was Law, exchanging glances of a totally different description with the people in the free seats. It was to two fair-haired girls whom Lottie had seen before—who were, indeed, constant in their attendance on the Sunday afternoon—that Law was signalling, and they, on their part, giggled and whispered, and looked at the captain in his stall, and at another woman in a veil whom Lottie did not make out. This was enough to distract her from the prayers, to which, however, if only to escape from the confusion of her own thoughts, she did her very best to give full attention. But—She put up her prayer-book in front of her face, and hid herself at least from all the crowd, so full each of his and her own concerns. She was silent during the responses, hearing nothing but her father's voice with its tone of proprietorship, and only allowed herself to sing when the captain's baritone was necessarily silent. Lottie's voice had become known to the people who sat near her. They looked for her as much as they looked for little Rowley himself, who was the first soprano; but to-day they did not get much from Lottie. Now and then she forgot herself, as in the "*Magnificat*," when she burst forth suddenly unawares, almost taking it out of the hands of the boys; but while she was singing Lottie came to herself almost as suddenly, and stopped short, with a quaver and shake in her voice as if the thread of sound had been suddenly broken. Raising her eyes in the midst of the canticle, she had seen Rollo Ridsdale within a few places of her, holding his book before him very decorously, yet looking from her to a

large man by his side with unmistakable meaning. The surprise of seeing him whom she believed to be far away, the agitation it gave her to perceive that she herself was still the chief point of interest to him, and the sudden recalling thus of her consciousness, gave her a shock which extinguished her voice altogether. There was a thrill in the music as if a string had broken; and then the hymn went on more feebly, diminished in sweetness and volume, while she stood trembling, holding herself up with an effort. He had come back again, and again his thoughts were full of her, his whole attention turned to her. An instantaneous change took place in Lottie's mind. Instead of the jumble of annoyances and vexations that had been around her—the reproachful looks on one side, the family discordance on the other—her father and Law both jarring with all that Lottie wished and thought right—a flood of celestial calm poured into her soul. She was no longer angry with the two fair-haired girls who giggled and whispered through the service, looking up to Law with a hundred telegraphic communications. She was scarcely annoyed when her father's voice pealed forth again in pretentious incorrectness. She did not mind what was happening around her. The sunshine that came in among the pinnacles and fretwork above in a golden mist, lighting up every detail, yet confusing them in a dazzle and glory which common eyes could not bear, made just such an effect on the canopies of the stalls as Rollo's appearance made on Lottie's mind. She was all in a dazzle and mist of sudden calm and happiness which seemed to make everything bright, yet blurred everything in its soft, delicious glow.

"Don't think much of her," said the manager, as they came out. The two were going back again at once to town, but Rollo's partner had supposed that at least they would first pay a visit to the Deanery. He was a man who counted duchesses on his roll of acquaintances, but he liked to add a Lady Caroline whenever the opportunity occurred, and deans, too, had their charm. He was offended when he saw that Rollo had no such intention, and at once divined that he was not considered a proper person to be introduced to the heads of such a community. This increased his determination not to yield to his partner in this fancy of his, which, indeed, he had always considered presumptuous, finding voices being his own share of the work—a thing much too important to be trusted to an amateur. "The boy has a sweet little pipe

of his own; but as for your prima donna, Ridsdale, if you think that sort of thing would pay with us — No, no! my good fellow; she's a deuced handsome girl, and I wish you joy; I don't wonder that she should have turned your head; but for our new house, not if I know it, my boy. A very nice voice for an amateur, but that sort of thing does not do with the public."

"You scarcely heard her at all; and the few notes she did sing were so mixed up with those scrubby little boys —"

"Oh! I heard her, and I don't care to hear her again — unless it were in a drawing-room. Why, there's Rossinetti," said the *impresario*; "he'll tell you just the same as I do. Do you know what we're down here for, Rossinetti, eh? Deluded by Ridsdale to come and hear some miraculous voice; and it turns out to be only a charming young lady who has bewitched him, as happens to the best of us. Pretty voice for a drawing-room, nice amateur quality; but for the profession — I tell him you must know that as well as I."

"Come into my place and rest a little; there is no train just yet," said the signor. He had left Purcell to play the voluntary, and led the strangers through the nave which was still crowded with people listening to the great strains of the organ. "Come out this way," he said; "I don't want to be seen. Purcell plays quite as well as I do; but if they see me they will stream off, and hurt his feelings. Poor boy! he has had enough to vex him already."

These words were on his lips when, coming out by a private door, the three connoisseurs suddenly came upon Lottie, who was walking home with Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. The signor, who was noted for a womanish heat of partisanship, and had not forgiven her for the disappointment of his pupil, darted a violent glance at her as he took off his hat. It might have been himself that she had rejected, so full of offence was his look; and this fixed the attention of the big manager, who took off his hat, too, with a smile of secret amusement, and watched the scene, making a private memorandum to the effect that Rossinetti evidently had been hit also; and no wonder! a handsome girl as you could see in a summer day, with a voice that was a very nice voice, a really superior voice for an amateur.

As for Rollo, he hastened up to Mrs. O'Shaughnessy with fervor, and held out his hand; and how happy and how proud

was that kind woman! She curtsied as she took his hand as if he had been the Prince of Wales, nearly pulling him down, too, ere she recovered herself; and her countenance shone, partly with the heat, partly with the delight.

"And I hope I see *you* well, sir," she said; "and glad to see you back in St. Michael's; there's nothing like young people for keeping a place cheerful. Though we don't go into society, me and me major, yet it's a pleasure to see the likes of you about."

Rollo had time to turn to Lottie with very eloquent looks while this speech was being addressed to him. "I am only here for half an hour," he said; "I could not resist the temptation of coming for the service."

"Oh! me dear sir, you wouldn't care so much for the service if ye had as much of it as we have," said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, going on well pleased; she liked to hear herself talking, and she had likewise a quick perception of the fact that, while she talked, communications of a different kind might go on between "the young folks."

"Between ourselves, it's not me that they'll get to stop for their playing," she said, all the more distinctly that the signor was within hearing. "I'd go five miles to hear a good band; the music was beautiful in the regiment when O'Shaughnessy was adjutant. And for me own part, Mr. Ridsdale, I'd not give the drums and the fifes for the most elegant music you could play. I don't say that I'm a judge, but I know what I like."

"Why did you stop so soon?" Rollo said aside. "Ah! Miss Despard, was it not cruel?" — "A good band is an excellent thing, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy; I shall try to get my uncle to have the band from the depot to play once a week, next time I come here." — "Thanks all the same for those few notes; I shall live upon them," he added fervently, "till I have the chance of hearing you again."

Lottie made no reply. It was unnecessary with Mrs. O'Shaughnessy there, and talking all the time. And, indeed, what had she to say? the words spread themselves like a balm into every corner of her heart. He would not have gone so far, nor spoken so warmly, if it had not been for the brutal indifference of the big manager, who stood looking on at a distance, with an air of understanding a great deal more than there was to understand. The malicious knowingness in this man's eyes made Rollo doubly anxious in his civilities; and then he felt it necessary to make up to Lottie for the other's blasphemy in



respect to her voice, though of this Lottie knew nothing at all.

"I shall not even have time to see my aunt," he said; "how fortunate that I have had this opportunity of a word with you! I did not know whether I might take the liberty to call."

"And welcome, Mr. Ridsdale," said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. "Lottie's but a child, so to speak; but I and the major would be proud to see you. And of an afternoon we're always at home, and, though I say it as shouldn't, as good a cup of tea to offer ye as ye'd get from me Lady Caroline herself. It's ready now, if you'll accept the refreshment, you and—your friend."

"A thousand thanks, but we must not stay. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, if you see my aunt will you explain how it was I could not come to see her? and be sure you tell her you met me at the Abbey door, or she will not like it. Miss Despard, Augusta is coming home, and I hope to be at the Deanery next month. Then I trust you will be more generous, and not stop singing as soon as you see me. What had I done?" he cried in his appealing voice. — "Yes, Rossinetti, I'm coming." — "Not good-bye, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, only, as the French say, till we meet again."

"And I hope that will not be long," said the good woman, delighted. She swept along the Dean's Walk, letting her dress trail after her and holding her head high; she was too much excited to think of holding up her skirts. "Did ye hear him, Lottie, me honey? 'If you see my aunt,' says he. Lord bless the man! as if me Lady Caroline was in the way of looking in and taking a cup of tea! Sure, I'd make her welcome, and more sense than shutting herself up in that old house, and never stirring, no, not to save her life. 'If ye see me aunt,' says he. Oh, yes! me darlint, I'll see her, shut up in her state, and looking as if — He'll find the difference when he comes to the Deanery, as he says. Not for you, Lottie, me dear; you're one of themselves, so to speak. But it's not much thanks me Lady Caroline will give him for sending her a message by Mrs. O'Shaughnessy: I thought I'd burst out in his face. 'Tell her ye met me by the Abbey door.' That's to save me lady's feelings, Lottie. But I'll do his bidding next time I see her; I'll make no bones of it, I'll up and give her my message. Lord! just to see how me lady would take it. See if I don't now. For him, he's a jewel, take me word for it, Lottie; and ye'll be a silly girl, me honey, if

you let a gentleman like Mr. Ridsdale slip through your fingers. A real gentleman, ye can see as much by his manners. If I'd been a duchess, Lottie, me dear, what more could he say?"

Lottie made no reply to this speech, any more than to the words Rollo himself had addressed to her. Her mind was all in a confused maze of happy thoughts and anticipations. His looks, his words, were all turned to the same delicious meaning; and he was coming back to the Deanery, when she was to be "more generous" to him. No compliment could have been so penetrating as that soft reproach. Lottie had no words to spend upon her old friend, who, for her part, was sufficiently exhilarated to require no answer. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy rang the changes upon this subject all the way to the lodges. "When you see my aunt," says he. The idea that she was in the habit of visiting Lady Caroline familiarly, not only amused but flattered her, though it was difficult enough to understand how this latter effect could come about.

Rollo was himself moved more than he could have imagined possible by this encounter. He said nothing as he followed his companions to the signor's house, and did not even remark what they were saying, so occupied was he in going over again the trivial events of the last few minutes. As he did so, it occurred to him for the first time that Lottie had not so much as spoken to him all the time; not a word had she said, though he had found no deficiency in her. It was evident, then, that there might be a meeting which should fill a man's mind with much pleasant excitement and commotion, and leave on his thoughts a very delightful impression, without one word said by the lady. This idea amused him in the pleasant agitation of his being to which the encounter at the church door had given rise. He forgot what he had come for, and the rudeness of his partner, and the refusal of that personage to think at all of Lottie. He did not want any further discussion of this question; he had forgotten, even, that it could require to be discussed. Somehow all at once, yet completely, Lottie had changed character to him; he did not want to talk her over with any one, and he forgot altogether the subject upon which the conversation must necessarily turn when he followed the signor and his big companion through the groups of people who began to emerge from the Abbey. There were a great many who stared at Rollo, knowing who he was, but none who

roused him from his preoccupation. Fortunately the dean had a cold and was not visible, and Lady Caroline did not profess to go to church in the afternoon—"It was too soon after lunch, and there were so many people, and one never felt that one had the Abbey to one's self," her ladyship said.

The manager went off to Italy the next day, after his Milanese, without being at all restrained by Rollo, who was glad to get rid of him, and to have no more said about the English prima donna. He did not quite like it even, so perverse was he, when the signor, sitting out upon his terrace, defended her against the impresario's hasty verdict: "She has a beautiful voice, so far as that goes," the signor said, with the gravity of a judge; "you are mistaken if you do not admire her voice; we have had occasion to hear it, and we know what it is, so far as that goes."

"You dog!" said the jovial manager, with a large, fat laugh; "I see something else if I don't see that. Ah, Rossinetti! hit too?"

"Do you happen to know what he means?" said the signor with profound gravity, turning his fine eyes upon Ridsdale. "Ah! it is a pleasantry, I suppose; I have not the same appreciation of humor that I might have had, had I been born an Englishman," he said, with a seriousness that was portentous, without relaxing a muscle.

Rollo, who was not aware of the vehement interest with which the signor espoused Purcell's cause, felt the manager's suspicions echo through his own mind. He knew how entirely disinclined he felt to enter upon this question. Was his companion right, and had the signor been hit, too? It seemed to Rollo that the wonder was how any one could avoid that catastrophe. The manager made very merry, as they went back to town, upon Lottie's voice and the character of the admiration which it had excited; but all this Rollo received with as much solemnity of aspect as characterized the signor.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

##### SEARCHINGS OF HEART.

It was not to be supposed that the visit of Rollo and his companion should pass unnoticed in so small a community as that of St. Michael's, where everybody knew him, and in which he had all the importance naturally belonging to a member, so to speak, of the reigning family. Everybody noticed his appearance in the Abbey,

and it soon became a matter of general talk that he was not at the Deanery, but had come down from town expressly for the service, returning by as early a train afterwards as the Sunday regulations of the railway allowed. What did he come for? Not to see his relations, which would have been a comprehensible reason for so brief a visit. He had been seen talking to somebody at the north door, and he had been seen following the signor, in company with a large and brilliant person who wore more rings and studs and *breloques* than had ever been seen at St. Michael's. Finally, this remarkable stranger, who was evidently a friend of the signor as well as of Rollo, had been visible on the little green terrace outside Rossinetti's sitting-room, smoking cigarettes and drinking claret-cup, and tilting up his chair upon two legs in a manner which suggested a tea-garden, critics said, more than a studious nook sheltered among the buttresses of the Abbey. Public opinion was instinctively unfavorable to Rollo's companion; but what was the young prince, Lady Caroline's nephew, doing there? Then the question arose, Who was it to whom Rollo had been talking at the north door? All the canons and their wives, and the ladies in the lodges, and even the townspeople when the story reached them, cried out "Impossible!" when they were told that it was Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. But that lady had no intention of concealing the honor done her. She published it, so to speak, on the housetops. She neglected no occasion of making her friends acquainted with all the particulars of the interview. "And who should it have been but me?" she said. "Is there e'er another one at St. Michael's that knows as much of his family? Who was it but an uncle of his, or maybe it might be a cousin, that was in the regiment with us, and O'Shaughnessy's greatest friend? Many's the good turn the major's done him; and, say the worst you can o' the Ridsdales, it's not ungrateful they are. It's women that are little in their ways. What does a real gentleman care for our little quarrels and the visiting-list at the Deanery? 'When ye see me aunt,' says he, 'Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, ye'll tell her —' Sure he took it for certain that me Lady Caroline was a good neighbor, and would step in of an afternoon for her bit of talk and her cup o' tea. 'You'll tell her,' says he, 'that I hadn't time to go and see her.' And, please God, I will do it when I've got the chance. If her ladyship forgets her manners, it shall ne'er be said that O'Shaugh-

nessy's wife was wanting in good breeding to a family the major had such close connections with."

"But do you really know — Mr. Ridsdale's family?" said Lottie, after one of these brilliant addresses, somewhat bewildered by her recollection of what had passed. "And, sure, didn't you hear me say so? Is it doubting me word you are?" said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, with a twinkle in her eye. Lottie was bewildered — but it did not matter much. At this moment nothing seemed to matter very much. She had been dull, and she had been troubled by many things before the wonderful moment in which she had discovered Rollo close to her in the Abbey — much troubled, foreseeing with dismay the closing in around her of a network of new associations in which there could be nothing but pain and shame, and dull with a heavy depression of dulness which no ray of light in the present, no expectation in the future, seemed to brighten. Purcell's hand held out to her, tenderly yet half in pity, had been the only personal encouragement she had; and that had humbled her to the dust, even though she struggled with herself to do him justice. Her heart had been as heavy as lead. There had seemed to her nothing that was hopeful, nothing that was happy before her. Now all the heaviness had flown away. Why? Why, for no reason at all, because this young man whom she supposed (without any warrant for the foolish idea) to love her had come back for an hour or two; because he was coming back on a visit. The visit was not to her, nor had she probable share in the enjoyments to be provided for Lady Caroline's nephew, and Lottie did not love him to make his very presence a delight to her. She did not love him — yet. This was the unexpressed feeling in her mind; but when a girl has got so far as this, it may be supposed that the visit of the lover whom she does not love — yet, must fill her with a thousand delightful tremors. How could she doubt his sentiments? What was it that brought him back and back again to St. Michael's? and to be led along that flowery way to the bower of bliss at the end of it, to be persuaded into love by all the flatteries and worship of a lover so delicately impassioned — could a girl's imagination conceive anything more exquisite? No, she was not in love — yet. But there was no reason why she should not be, except the soft, maidenly reluctance, the shy retreat before one who kept advancing, the instinct of coy resistance to an inevitable delight.

Into this delicate world of happiness, in which there was nothing real but all imagination, Lottie was delivered over that bright Sunday. She had no defence against it, and she did not wish to have any. She gave herself up to the dream. After that interval of heaviness, of darkness, when there was no pleasant delusion to support her, and life with all its difficulties and dangers became so real, confronting her at every point, what an escape it was for Lottie to find herself again under the dreamy skies of that fool's paradise! It was the garden of Eden to her. She thought it was the true world and the other the false one. The vague terror and disgust with which her father's new plans filled her mind, floated away like a mist; and, as for Law, what so easy as to carry him with her into the better world where she was going! Her mind in a moment was lightened of its load. She had left home heavily; she went back scarcely able to keep from singing in the excess of her lightheartedness, more lifted above earth than if any positive good had come to her. So long as the good is coming, and exists in the imagination only, how much more entrancing is it than anything real that ever can be ours!

The same event, however, which had so much effect upon Lottie, acted upon her family too in a manner for which she was far from being prepared. Captain Despard came in as much elated visibly as she was in her heart. There had been but little intercourse among them since the evening when the captain had made those inquiries about Rollo, which Lottie resented so deeply. The storm had blown over, and she had nominally forgiven Law for going over to the enemy's side; but Lottie's heart had been shut even against her brother since that night. He had forsaken her, and she had not been able to pass over his desertion of her cause. However, her heart had softened with her happiness, and she made his tea for him now more genially than she had done for weeks before. They seated themselves round the table with perhaps less constraint than usual — a result due to the smiling aspect of the captain as well as to the softened sentiment in Lottie's heart. Once upon a time a family tea was a favorite feature in English literature, from Cowper down to Dickens, not to speak of the more exclusively domestic fiction of which it is the chosen banquet; a great deal has been said of this nondescript (and indigestible) meal. But perhaps there must be a drawing of the curtains, a wheeling in of the

sofa, a suggestion of warmth and comfort in contradistinction to storms and chills outside, as in the opium-eater's picture of his cottage, to carry out the ideal—circumstances altogether wanting to the tea of the Despard, which was eaten (*passes-moi le mot*, for is it not the bread and butter that makes the meal?) in the warmest hour of an August afternoon. The window indeed was open, and the Dean's Walk, by which the townspeople were coming and going in considerable numbers, as they always did on Sunday, was visible with its gay groups, and the prospect outside was more agreeable than the meal within. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, next door, had loosed her cap-strings, and fanned herself at intervals as she sipped her tea. "It's hot, but sure it cools you after," she was saying to her major. The Despard, however, were not fat, and did not show the heat like their neighbors. Law sat at the table and pegged away resolutely at his bread and butter, having nothing to take his mind off his food, and no very exciting prospect of supper to sustain him. But the captain took his tea daintily, as one who had heard of a roast fowl and sausages to be ready by nine o'clock, and was therefore more or less indifferent to the bread and butter. He patted Lottie on the shoulder as she gave him his tea.

"My child," he said, "I was wrong the other day. It is not every man that would own it so frankly; but I have always been a candid man, though it has damaged me often. When I am in the wrong I am bound to confess it. Take my hand, Lottie, my love. I made a mistake."

Lottie looked at him surprised. He had taken her hand and held it, shaking it, half playfully, in his own.

"My love," he said, "you are not so candid as your poor father. You will get on all the better in the world. I withdraw everything I said, Lottie. All is going well, all is for the best. I make no doubt you can manage your own affairs a great deal better than I."

"What is it you mean, papa?"

"We will say no more, my child. I give you free command over yourself. That was a fine anthem this afternoon, and I have no doubt those were well repaid who came from a distance to hear it. Don't you think so, Lottie? Many people come from a great distance to hear the service in the Abbey, and no doubt the signor made it known that there was to be such a good anthem to-day."

Lottie did not make any reply. She looked at him with mingled wonder and

impatience. What did he mean? It had not occurred to her to connect Rollo with the anthem, but she perceived by the look on her father's face that something which would be displeasing to her was in his mind.

"What's the row?" said Law. "Who was there? I thought it was always the same old lot."

"And so it is generally the same old lot. *We* don't vary; but when pretty girls like Lottie say their prayers regularly, heaven sends somebody to hear them. Oh, yes; there is always somebody sent to hear them. But you are quite right to allow nothing to be said about it, my child," said the captain; "not a word, on the honor of a gentleman. Your feelings shall be respected. But it may be a comfort to you, my love, to feel that whatever happens your father is behind you, Lottie—knows and approves. My dear, I say no more."

"By Jove! What is it?" cried Law.

"It is nothing to you," said his father; "but look here, Law. See that you don't go out all over the place and leave your sister by herself, without any one to take care of her. My engagements I can't always give up, but don't let me hear that there's nobody to walk across the road with Lottie when she's asked out."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Law. "I thought they'd had enough of you at the Deanery, Lottie. That's going to begin again, then, I suppose?"

"I am not invited to the Deanery," said Lottie, with as much state and solemnity as she could summon up, though she trembled; "neither is it going to begin again. There is no occasion for troubling Law or you either. I always have taken care of myself hitherto, and I suppose I shall do it till the end."

"You need not get on your high horse, my child," said Captain Despard blandly. "Don't suppose that I will interfere; but it will be a consolation to you to remember that your father is watching over you, and that his heart goes with you," he added, with an unctuous roll in his voice. He laid his hand for a moment on her head, and said, "Bless you, my love," before he turned away. The captain's emotion was great; it almost brought the tears to his manly eyes.

"What *is* the row?" said Law, when his father had gone. Law's attention had been fully occupied during the service with his own affairs, and he did not know of the reappearance of Rollo. "One would think he was going to cry over you,



Lottie. What have you done? — Engagements! he has always got some engagement or other. I never knew a fellow with such a lot of friends — I shouldn't wonder if he was going to sup somewhere to-night. I wonder what they can see in him," said Law with a sigh.

"Law, are you going out too?"

"Oh, I suppose so; there is nothing to do in the house. What do you suppose a fellow can do? Reading is slow work; and, besides, it's Sunday, and it's wrong to work on Sunday. I shall go out and look round a bit, and see if I can see any one I know."

"Do you ever think, I wonder," said Lottie — "papa and you — that if, it is so dull for you in the house, it must sometimes be a little dull for me?"

She was not in the habit of making such appeals, but to-night there was courage and a sense of emancipation in her which made her strong.

"You? Oh, well, I don't know — you are a girl," said Law, "and girls are used to it. I don't know what you would do if you wanted to have a little fun, eh? I dare say you don't know yourself. Yes, I shouldn't wonder if it was dull; but what can any one do? It's nature, I suppose," said Law; "there isn't any fun for girls as there is for us. Well, is there? How should I know?"

But there was "fun" for Emma and her sisters of the workroom, Law reminded himself with a compunction. "I'll tell you what, Lottie," he said hastily; "you must do just as other girls do. You must get some one to walk with you, and talk, and all that, you know. There's nothing else to be done; and you might have plenty. There's that singing fellow, that young Purcell; they say he's in love with you. Well, he's better than nobody; and you could give him the sack as soon as you saw somebody you liked better. I thought at one time that Ridsdale —"

"I think, Law," said Lottie, "you had better go out for your walk."

He laughed. He was half pleased to have roused and vexed her, yet half sorry too. Poor Lottie! Now that she was abandoned by her grand admirer and all her fine friends, it must be dull for her, staying in the house by herself; but then what could he do, or any one? It was nature. Nature, perhaps, might be to blame for not providing "fun" for girls, but it was not for Law to set nature right. When he had got his hat, however, and brushed his hair before going out, he came back and looked at Lottie with a compunc-

tion. He could not give up meeting Emma in order to take his sister for a walk, though, indeed, this idea actually did glance across his mind as a rueful possibility. No, he could not go; he had promised Emma to meet her in the woods, and he must keep his word. But he was very sorry for Lottie. What a pity she had not some one of her own — Purcell, if nobody better! and then, when the right one came, she might throw him off. But Law did not dare to repeat his advice to this effect. He went and looked at her remorsefully. Lottie had seated herself up-stairs in the little drawing-room; she was leaning her elbow on the ledge of the little deep window, and her head upon her hand. The attitude was pensive; and Law could not help thinking that to be a girl, and sit there all alone looking out of a window instead of roaming about as he did, would be something very terrible. The contrast chilled him and made him momentarily ashamed of himself. But then he reflected that there were a great many people passing up and down, and that he had often heard people say it was amusing to sit at window. Very likely Lottie thought so; probably, on the whole, she liked that better than going out. This must be the case, he persuaded himself, or else she would have been sure to manage to get some companion; therefore he said nothing to her, but went down-stairs very quietly and let himself out softly, not making any noise with the door. Law had a very pleasant walk with Emma under the trees, and enjoyed himself; but occasionally there would pass a shadow over him as he thought of Lottie sitting at the window in the little still house all alone.

But indeed, for that evening at least, Lottie was not much to be pitied. She had her dreams to fall back upon. She had what is absolutely necessary to happiness — not only something to look back to, but something to look forward to. That is the true secret of bliss — something that is coming. With that to support us, can we not bear anything? After a while, no doubt, Lottie felt, as she had often felt before, that it was dull. There was not a sound in the little house; everybody was out except herself; and it was Sunday, and she could not get her needlework to occupy her hands and help on her thoughts. As the brightness waned slowly away, and the softness of the evening lights and then the dimness of the approaching dark stole on, Lottie had a great longing to get out of doors; but she

could not go and leave the house, for even the maid was out, having her Sunday walk with her young man. It was astonishing how many girls had gone wandering past the window, each with her young man. Not much wonder, perhaps, that Law had suggested this sole way of a little "fun" for a girl. Poor Law! he did not know any better; he did not mean any harm. She laughed now at the suggestion which had made her angry at the time, for to-night Lottie could afford to laugh. But when she heard the maidservant come in, Lottie, wearied with her long vigil, and longing for a breath of cool air after the confinement of the house, agreed with herself that there would be no harm in taking one little turn upon the slopes. The townspeople had mostly gone. Now and then a couple of the old chevaliers would come strolling homeward, having taken a longer walk, in the calm of the Sunday evening, than their usual turn on the slopes. Captain Temple and his wife had gone by arm-in-arm; perhaps they had been down to the evening service in the town, perhaps only out for a walk like everybody else. Gradually the strangers were disappearing; the people that belonged to the precincts were now almost the only people about, and there was no harm in taking a little walk alone; but it was not a thing Lottie cared much to do. With a legitimate errand she would go anywhere; but for a walk! The girl was shy, and full of all those natural conventional reluctances which cannot be got out of women; but she could not stay in any longer. She went out with a little blue shawl folded like a scarf—as was the fashion of the time—over her shoulders, and flitted quickly along the Dean's Walk to the slopes. All was sweet in the soft darkness and in the evening dews, the grass moist, the trees or the sky sometimes distilling a palpable dewdrop, the air coming softly over all those miles of country to touch with the tenderest salutation Lottie's cheek. She looked out upon the little town nestling at the foot of the hill with all its twinkling lights, and upon the stars that shone over the long glimmer of the river, which showed here and there through all the valley, pale openings of light in the dark country. How sweet and still it was! The openness of the horizon, the distance, was the thing that did Lottie good. She cast her eyes to the very farthest limit of the world that lay within her sight, and drew a long breath. Perhaps it was this that caught the attention of some one who was passing. Lottie had seated herself

in a corner under a tree, and she did not see this wayfarer, who was behind her; and the reader knows that she did not sigh for sorrow, but only to relieve a bosom which was very full of fanciful anticipations, hopes, and dreams. It was not likely, however, that Mr. Ashford would know that. He too, was taking his evening walk; and when he heard the sigh in which so many tender and delicious fancies exhaled into the air, he thought—who could wonder?—that it was somebody in trouble; and drawing a little nearer to see if he could help, as was the nature of the man, found to his great surprise—as she, too, startled, turned round her face upon him—that it was Lottie Despard who was occupying the seat which was his favorite seat also. They both said "I beg your pardon," simultaneously, though it would be hard to tell why.

"I think I have seen you here before," he said. "You like this time of the evening, Miss Despard, like myself—and this view."

"Yes," said Lottie; "but I have been sitting indoors all the afternoon, and got tired of it at last. I did not like to come out all by myself; but I thought no one would see me now."

"Surely you may come here in all safety by yourself." The minor canon had too much good breeding to suggest any need of a companion, or any pity for the girl left alone. Then he said suddenly, "This is an admirable chance for me. The first time we met, Miss Despard, you mentioned something about which you wished to consult me—"

"Ah!" cried Lottie, coming back out of her dreams. Yes, she had wanted to consult him, and the opportunity must not be neglected. "It was about Law, Mr. Ashford. Law—his name is Lawrence, you know, my brother; he is a great boy, almost a man—more than eighteen. But I am afraid he is very backward. I want him so very much to stand his examination. It seems that nothing—nothing—can be done, without that now."

"His examination—for what?"

"Oh, Mr. Ashford," said Lottie, "for anything! I don't mind what it is. I thought, perhaps, if you would take him it would make him see the good of working. We are—poor; I need not make any fuss about saying that; here we are all poor; and if I could but see Law in an office earning his living, I think," cried Lottie, with the solemnity of a martyr, "I think I should not care what happened. That was all. I

wanted him to come to you, that you might tell us what he would be fit for."

"He would make a good soldier," said Mr. Ashford, smiling; "though there is an examination for that too."

"There are examinations for everything, I think," said Lottie, shaking her head mournfully; "that is the dreadful thing; and you see, Mr. Ashford, we are poor. He has not a penny, he must work for his living, and how is he to get started? That is what I am always saying. But what is the use of speaking? You know what boys are. Perhaps if I had been able to insist upon it years ago—but then I was very young too. I had no sense, any more than Law."

The minor canon was greatly touched. The evening dew got into his eyes—he stood by her in the soft summer darkness, wondering. He was a great deal older than Lottie—old enough to be her father, he said to himself; but he had no one to give him this keen, impatient anxiety, this insight into what boys are.

"Was there no one but you to insist upon it?" he said, in spite of himself.

"Well," said Lottie meditatively, "Do gentleman—generally—take much trouble about what boys are doing? I suppose—they have got other things to think of."

"You have not much opinion of men, Miss Despard," said the minor canon, with a half laugh.

"Oh, indeed I have!" cried Lottie; "why do you say that? I was not thinking about men—but only—And then boys themselves, Mr. Ashford; you know what they are. Oh! I think sometimes if I could put some of me into him. But you can't do that. You may talk, and you may coax, and you may scold, and try every way—but what does it matter? If a boy won't do anything, what is to be done with him? That is why I wanted so much, so very much, to bring him to you."

"Miss Despard," said the minor canon, "you may trust me that if there is anything I can do for him I will do it. As it happens, I am precisely in want of some one to—to do the same work as another pupil I have. That would be no additional trouble to me, and would not cost anything. Don't you see? Let him come to me to-morrow and begin."

"Oh, Mr. Ashford," said Lottie, "I knew by your face you were kind—but how very, very good you are! But then," she added sorrowfully, "most likely he could not do the same work as your other

pupil. I am afraid he is very backward. If I were to tell you what he is doing you might know. He is reading Virgil—a book about as big as himself," she said, with a little laugh, that was very near crying. "Won't you sit down here?"

"Virgil is precisely the book my other pupil is doing," said Mr. Ashford, laughing too, very tenderly, at her small joke, poor child! while she made room for him anxiously on the bench. There they sat together for a minute in silence, all alone, as it might be, in the world, nothing but darkness round them, faint streaks of light upon the horizon, distant twinkles of stars above and homely lamps below. The man's heart softened strangely within him over this creature, who for all the pleasure she had came out here, and apologized to him for coming alone. She who, neglected by everybody, had it in her to push forward the big lout of a brother into worthy life, putting all her delicate strength to that labor of Hercules—he felt himself getting quite foolish, moved beyond all his experiences of emotion, as, at her eager invitation, he sat down there by her side.

And as he did so, other voices and steps became audible among the trees, of somebody coming that way. Lottie had turned to him, and was about to say something, when the sound of the approaching voices reached them. He could see her start—then draw herself erect, close into the corner of the bench. The voices were loudly pitched, and attempted no concealment.

"La, captain, how dark it is! Let's go home; mother will be looking for us," said one.

"My dear Polly," said the other—and though Mr. Ashford did not know Captain Despard, he divined the whole story in a moment as the pair brushed past arm-in-arm—"my dear Polly, your home will be very close at hand next time I bring you here."

Lottie said nothing—her heart jumped up into her throat, beating so violently that she could not speak. And to the minor canon the whole family story seemed to roll out like the veiled landscape before him as he looked compassionately at the girl sitting speechless by his side, while her father and his companion, all unconscious in the darkness, brushed against her, sitting there unseen under the shadowy trees.

From *The Contemporary Review*.

## MR. FROUDE'S "LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS BECKET."

## PART III.

ON one point in the present controversy I must pay, as I may best be able, a debt of personal thankfulness to my opponent. The picture which Mr. Froude has drawn of the means by which Thomas reached the office of chancellor, and still more the astounding picture of his demeanor in that office, have led me to think more deeply than I have ever done before on the important bearing of his chancellorship, and of the way by which he attained it, on his own history and on the history of England. When I look back to what I have already written on the subject, I do not think that I have misconceived anything; but the work of looking again to the authorities with a special view to Mr. Froude's misstatements has made some things come home to me more strongly than before. The aspect of Thomas's chancellorship with regard to the general history of England I have, I hope, made clear in my last paper. I wish now to say something of the light which his chancellorship and the circumstances of his appointment to the chancellorship throw on the character of Thomas himself.

When, now a good many years ago, I tried to draw a portrait of Thomas in a paper which was reprinted in my "Historical Essays," I spoke of him as essentially a man of his own age, a man who stood very high in the second order of ability, but who showed no sign of creative genius, no sign of having any thoughts or feelings above his own age. This I hold to be the true view of him. I have seen him called an "extraordinary man;" and in a sense this is true. But he was extraordinary rather by the extraordinary development of ordinary qualities than by the possession of extraordinary qualities. His fame is in some sort the result of an accident, the result of his being placed in a false position. That position was the archbishopric; in the chancellorship he was, as far as his personal character goes, thoroughly in his right place. But his appointment to the chancellorship presents some remarkable points of likeness to his appointment to the archbishopric. It may be well to look a little more fully into this matter either than Mr. Froude has done or than I have myself done in earlier dealings with the same subject. Thomas then, I repeat, must be looked on as a man of the twelfth century, who seems on all

points to have accepted the received standard of his own age. We see in him no sign of any very exalted general morality, of any anxiety to preserve consistency between one part of his life and the other. But we do see in him a strong sense of immediate duty, combined with a large amount of personal ambition. These two qualities working together made him throw himself with ardor into any position in which he found himself, and made him strive to reach the highest ideal of that position, according to the standard of his own age. In this way we can understand the change from the chancellor to the archbishop, without being driven to suppose either hypocrisy or sudden conversion. And it must be borne in mind that the change from the chancellor to the archbishop was not the only change in the life of Thomas. The change from the servant of Theobald to the servant of Henry, though less marked, was quite as real. Twice in his life Thomas was placed in altogether new positions, in the hope that he would carry the spirit of the old position into the new. Both times he disappointed the hopes of those who put him in the new place. His position is first ecclesiastical, then secular, then ecclesiastical again, without much choice on his own part. And in each case, as his position changes, his ideal changes. He is zealous for different objects at different times of his life; but he is always zealous for those objects which are naturally sought after by a man holding the position which he held at each stage. The most zealous of archbishops had been the most zealous of chancellors, and the most zealous of chancellors had been, not perhaps the most zealous of archdeacons, but pretty certainly the most zealous among an archbishop's ecclesiastical advisers. Now a man of the highest order, intellectually or morally, could not have changed from one object to another in this way. Such an one would do his official duty in any office in which he was placed; but he would have settled objects of pursuit to be followed through life. He would either keep himself clear of offices which were inconsistent with those objects, or he would adapt his offices to his purposes, and not adapt his purposes to his offices. This last is what Thomas did. And it is what is constantly done by men who lack neither ability nor honesty, men who can rise to the highest level of their positions, but on whom their positions nevertheless act as fetters. Nothing is commoner than the remark that a man is



changed by office. Sometimes this is true in a really bad sense; but it often simply means that office unavoidably brings with it new aims and objects and a new way of looking at many things. In a man of Thomas's character, a man of restless energy and passionate fervor, this effect of office is likely to make him throw himself with all his might into each successive office, to make him carry all the powers and claims of that office to their fullest extent, even at the cost of marked inconsistency with some earlier course of action. Such a man is not unlikely to raise his office as well as to raise himself. There can be no doubt that the lofty position which the king's chancellor has for ages held among state officials is largely owing to Thomas's holding of the office. His zeal and energy in the discharge of the office lifted the office itself to a higher level. After Thomas's day the chancellor distinctly appears as a greater person than he was before Thomas's day. Perhaps, as we shall presently see, the greatest witness of all to the height to which the great chancellor had raised the chancellorship is to be found in the fact that the king thought it possible that he could hold chancellorship and archbishopric together.

But the career of Thomas in the chancellorship was certainly not altogether what it was designed to be by those who took the first steps towards placing him in that office. We are not indeed distinctly told that the chancellor disappointed the purposes of Theobald, as the archbishop certainly disappointed the purposes of Henry. Nor indeed did he disappoint them in the same manner or in the same degree. But he certainly did not fully carry out all that was in the minds of those who procured his appointment. That appointment was one of the first acts of Henry's reign.\* It was made at the recommendation of Theobald, who thus transferred his newly-appointed archdeacon from his own service to that of the king. In so doing he was supported by the advice of two men who had been the king's chief counsellors in his Norman duchy, Philip Bishop of Bayeux, and the more famous Arnulf of Lisieux. His motives seem to have been twofold. Theobald, it must be remembered, had had a great share in the government of the kingdom, whenever of late years there had been any government. He had been

actually regent—to employ a modern word—in the short interregnum between the death of Stephen and the coming of Duke Henry from Normandy. The king was young, and needed counsellors in the great work of restoring order after the anarchy; it was also believed that there were those about him who had designs against what were now understood to be the liberties of the Church. Thomas, Theobald thought, was of all men best fitted to accomplish both these purposes.\* With Theobald also acted Bishop Henry of Winchester, the brother of the late king, who had changed sides so often in the civil war. His ambition had latterly taken an ecclesiastical turn. His papal legation marks an era in our ecclesiastical history as the time when—as was not wonderful at such a time—the practice of appealing to the pope or his legate took firmer root.† He had also been anxious to be archbishop of the West-Saxons, or, failing that, at least to be *acephalous* Bishop of Winchester.‡ All these schemes had come to nothing, and the grandson of the Conqueror, who had lived through so many storms, was passing into the more peaceful latter end of his days. But there can be no doubt that he was zealous for all ecclesiastical claims, and that any recommendations of his would have the support of ecclesiastical claims in view. Thomas, we may be sure, was designed for promotion, as a man who would help the king in bringing back peace to the kingdom,

\* So says Roger of Pontigny (Giles i. 101, 102): "Eratque in ecclesia regni illius non modica trepidatio; tum propter suspectam regis aetatem, tum propter collateralium ejus circa ecclesiasticæ libertatis jura notam malignitatem. Nec frustra, sicut rei exitus indicavit. Cantuariensis autem antistes tam de præsentis sollicitus quam de futuro timidus, aliquod remedium malis, quæ imminere timebantur, opponere cogitabat; visumque est ei, si Thomam regis posset inserere consiliis, maximam exinde quietem et pacem Anglicanæ ecclesiæ posse provenire. Sciebat enim eum magnanimum et prudentem; qui et zelum Dei haberet cum scientia, et ecclesiasticam libertatem totis affectibus æmularetur. Adscitis igitur ad se Cantuariensis antistes Philippo Baiocensi et Arnulfo Lexoviensi episcopis, quorum conciliis rex in primordiis suis ianitebatur, cœpit de Thomæ prudentia, strenuitate et fidelitate, atque morum laudabili et admirabili mansuetudine inferre sermonem, memoratisque episcopis secundum voluntatem et suasionem archiepiscopi annuuntibus, Thomas regiam ingressus curiam cancellarii nomen officiumque suscepit." The double motive comes out more strongly in the "Life" by John of Salisbury (Giles i. 321). Thomas was designed to work upon the king's mind, lest he should deal with England as a conquered country. "Ne . . . insolentius ageret jure victoris, qui sibi videbatur, etsi aliter esset, populum subegisse, cancellarium procurabat in curia ordinari, cujus ope et opera novi regis, ne sæviret in ecclesiam, impetum cohiberet, et conciliis sui temperaret malitiam, et reprimeret audaciam officialium, qui sub obtenta publicæ potestatis et prætextu juris, tam ecclesiæ quàm provincialium facultates diripere consueverant."

† See Norman Conquest, vol. v., p. 314.

‡ Ibid. p. 317.

\* This seems to be fully established by Mr. Robertson, p. 26.

but who would help him in such a way as to do the least wrong to what Theobald and his counsellors looked on as the lawful privileges of the Church. By virtue of these recommendations, Thomas became chancellor. Having become chancellor, the objects of his first patrons became secondary. He threw himself, heart and soul, with all the fiery zeal of his nature, into the ideal of the chancellor's office, as that ideal was understood by Henry rather than by Theobald.

The position to which Thomas was now raised was an anomalous one. The chancellorship was a thoroughly secular office, and yet it was always held by a churchman. It must have left its holder very little time for ecclesiastical duties or thoughts. One part of its duties would be distinctly repugnant to the principles of an ecclesiastical zealot. For it was the chancellor's business to receive and look after the revenues of vacant bishoprics and abbeys, which, now that Flambard had feudalized ecclesiastical holdings, fell to the king.\* His only function of an ecclesiastical nature was the superintendence of the king's chapel,† a survival of the way in which the king's chapel and its clerks had grown into a school of royal officials. And, besides the formal duties of his office, an able, active chancellor was sure to find the whole business of the realm pass through his hands. Not yet officially a judge, the chancellor was one of a class of royal officials who were constantly employed in judicial commissions. But the office was always held by a churchman; few or no laymen could in those days have been found fitted for such a post, and indeed the thought of a lay chancellor does not seem as yet to have come into the head of any man. Like other churchmen in the royal service, the chancellor looked forward to a bishopric as the reward of his services; but up to this time the office, with all its power, was looked on as one which it was unworthy of a bishop either to accept or to keep.‡ It would seem that the clerical holders of these temporal posts seldom took priest's orders till they were nominated to bishoprics. In the case of Thomas this is specially recorded and insisted on. The great

statesman and captain was ecclesiastically a mere deacon; the far higher and more mysterious calling of the priesthood was not profaned by him. On the other hand there was the anomaly of a deacon holding a crowd of benefices the duties of which only a priest could perform. Thomas could never have sung a mass either in Beverley minster or in the parish church of Saint Mary-le-Strand.

The mere fact of Theobald's recommendation of Thomas to the chancellorship, and the motives which led him to make that recommendation, are stated by Mr. Froude neither unfairly nor inaccurately, though the importance of the fact is somewhat slurred over in his hurried way of telling the story.\* It is his portrait of Thomas as chancellor against which historical truth must cry out. Of the most important of Mr. Froude's charges, that by which Thomas's warlike exploits beyond sea were turned into the deeds of a highwayman and incendiary at home, I have already spoken. But most of the other touches in Mr. Froude's portrait are equally imaginary. In a passage which I have already quoted, Mr. Froude has said that "the only virtue which Edward Grim allows him to have preserved unsullied was his chastity." Nothing like this can be found in Grim's text, which I have also quoted; † besides chastity he counts up several other virtues. The chastity of Thomas at this time is so strongly insisted on as to make it plain that it was a somewhat unusual virtue. If we trust his biographers, he preserved it under unusual temptations,‡ and was strict in the pun-

\* LIVING AGE, No. 1725, p. 10.

† LIVING AGE, No. 1769, p. 331.

‡ The chastity of Thomas is spoken of in a marked way by all the biographers. Jo. Salis. (Giles, i. 321); Herbert, i. 11-16. Edward Grim (13) calls him, "licet aliter aliqui æstimaverunt, corpore castus." This refers to the special stories mentioned by some of the other writers. William Fitz-Stephen (186) mentions the king's attempts to make him partake in his own vices: "Super quo et rex ipse diurnas ei et nocturnas tendebat insidias: sed tanquam vir timoratus et a Deo prædestinatus, munditiæ carnis intendens, lumbos præcinctos habebat." William of Canterbury (Giles, ii. 3), after using words which seem to come from two passages of John of Salisbury (320, 321), goes on to tell a story how Thomas refused the advances of a mistress of the king living at Stafford, and how his host, who fancied that Thomas had gone to visit her, found him sleeping on the floor in his own house. The story is told by Garnier (12), with the addition of the names:—

"Li secunz Reis Henris, ke d'Angleterre ert sire,  
Et amout une Dame, la gentchur de l'Empire;  
Avice d'Estafort out à nun, jo oi dire.

The host of Thomas, who in William's version is simply "oppidanus," becomes "*Vivien le clerc*." In Roger of Pontigny (104) Thomas is made an example of confessorship in the same cause in which Thomas the Second of York was a martyr. Nearly the same story is told of the contemporary Malcolm king of Scots and of Lewis the Eighth of France. The words

\* Will. Fil. Steph. 186.

† Ibid.

‡ See Stubbs, Const. Hist. i. 353. William Fitz-Stephen (186) speaks of the chancellor as likely to be a bishop or archbishop before he dies. It must be remembered that the greatest minister before Thomas, Roger Bishop of Salisbury, was first chancellor, afterwards bishop and justiciar. On his promotion to these higher offices, he resigned the lower post of chancellor to his son.

ishment of vices of an opposite kind, at all events in men of his own order and following.\* But neither Edward Grim nor any one else speaks of it as his only virtue. Mr. Froude may perhaps not count it among virtues that Thomas was already strict in his devotions and bountiful in almsdeeds, and that he already bared his back to the discipline.† Mr. Robertson, with more force, denies the merit of his alleged humility, because it is allowed that he was humble only with the humble, and repaid the proud in their own coin.‡ But it is hard to avoid the suspicion that the statement that any of Thomas's biographers speak of chastity as his only virtue really comes, not from Edward Grim, who says nothing the least like it, but from two or three passages in a wonderful declamation of Herbert of Bosham, which, dealt with after Mr. Froude's fashion, looked at rather than read, might convey such an impression. And I am bound to add that, if it be lawful in any case to look at your author instead of reading him, it is allowable in the case of Herbert of Bosham. When Mr. Robertson comes to reprint him, it is to be hoped that he will put the facts in one type, and the moralizing comments in

of William Fitz-Stephen (189) that Thomas's confessor, Robert of Merton, said, "Ex quo cancellarius factus est, nulla eum polluit luxuria," surely do not mean, as Mr. Robertson (p. 51) seems to imply, that Thomas became stricter after his appointment to the chancellorship, but merely that Robert's knowledge of his habits began at that time.

\* W. Fil. Steph. 189. "Vir pudicus cancellarius, osor turpitudinis et impudicitie, quandam clericum suum magnæ prosapie, Ricardum de Ambli, pro eo quod ejusdam socii sui, dum longinquo aberat in transmarinis, uxorem seduxerat, et accubuerat, facta ei persuasione quod vir ejus in fata concessisset, a dono et amicitia sua projecit; et in turri Londoniæ incarcerationum, et in compedibus diu afflictum, teneri fecit." This is one of those "characteristic incidents, particular things which men representative of their age indisputably did," which, as Mr. Froude says, "convey a clearer idea than any general description." It illustrates the kind of estimation in which the irregular marriage or tolerated concubinage of a secular priest was then looked on. It was a relation into which a woman who altogether shrunk from unfaithfulness to her husband did not scruple to enter.

† William Fitz-Stephen (190) gives us the names of those who ministered the discipline. His whole account of the chancellorship, which is much the fullest, should be most carefully studied. The portrait which it draws is so utterly unlike Mr. Froude's that it seems hardly possible that he can have read this part of the "Life." Yet it is from this part of William Fitz-Stephen's work that all the stories and pictures come which are to be found in every child's book.

‡ W. Fil. Steph. 190: "Humilis erat humilibus, elatis ferus et violentus; quasi innatum erat ei,

"Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos."

Ed. Grim, 13: "Corde humilis sed inter humiles, nam inter potentes potentior ipse ac sublimior apparebat." Garner, 11:—

"Mut ert humles de quer et de vis ert mult fers.

As povres humles ert, as haus de fer reguart;

Agnels esteit dedeu, de fors semlout lépart."

See Robertson, p. 315.

another.\* Herbert has several pages of moralizing comment on the chastity of Thomas and on chastity in general, in which he has two passages which might at a glance suggest what Mr. Froude attributes to Edward Grim. Speaking of a time earlier than the chancellorship, he says: †—

Castitatis semper amator vehementissimus fuit, in hoc jam uni sanctorum similis de quo legitur quod, etsi superbus et vanus, castus tamen habebatur in corpore.

Somewhat further on he risks a rather perilous precept: ‡—

Cujus [castitatis] ut breviter dicatur in juvene tanta virtus est et tanta securitas, ut propter Dominum habenti hanc juveni parum est quin dicere audeam, Habes castitatem: fac quicquid vis.

This is more like Mr. Froude's quotation than anything in the writer from whom he quotes. Yet Herbert is far from asserting that Thomas acted on the principle that, if he were only chaste, he might do what he pleased, burning and man-slaying included. And one virtue more, perhaps two, he emphatically claims for him. He was—at a time when he was not either chancellor or archdeacon—too much given to youthful vainglory; but he had his merits:—

Nec tamen penitus omni virtutum gratia fuit destitutus. Castitatis amator, et dicimus, veritatis æmulus, fidem etiam quæ terrenis debetur dominis summa semper colens devotione. §

And yet more distinctly, after one of the passages already quoted:—

Præterea labia mendacia et linguam semper detestabatur detrahentem. ||

It is a little hard that a man who, at his worst, at least hated falsehood and the slanderous tongue, should be specially picked out, ages after his death, as the victim of the wildest slanders. It is hard that a man who loved to keep faith to his earthly lord should, simply because his zeal for his lord's service carried him beyond the decencies of his ecclesiastical calling, be painted as an "unscrupulous

\* Mr. Robertson (p. 5) complains with reason of Herbert's "tedious moralizing and rhetorical flourishes," and adds that "his '*Liber Malorum*' is (as Dr. Giles seems painfully to feel) hardly readable even by an editor, and is utterly unreadable by any one else." Yet one cannot help feeling some sympathy with Herbert when, at the end of his biography, he prays that no one will mutilate his book: "Si novit melius, corrigat. Hoc quidem placet; sed hoc oro, ne mutilet."

† Giles, ii. 11.

‡ Ibid.

§ Giles, ii. 12.

|| Ibid. 11.

and tyrannical minister," who carried fire and slaughter and havoc through the lands which his lord had handed over to his keeping.

That Thomas disappointed the expectations of Theobald in his recommendation of him for the chancellorship is a point on which I have no controversy with Mr. Froude. It is in fact a main point in my conception of his character. But there is something singularly unlucky in the way in which Mr. Froude goes about to prove the fact.

In his new dignity he seemed at first likely to disappoint the archbishop's expectations of him. Some of his biographers, indeed, claim as his perpetual merit that he opposed the *bestias curie*, or court wild beasts, as churchmen called the anti-clerical party. John of Salisbury, on the other hand, describes him as a magnificent trifler, a scornor of law and the clergy, and given to scurrilous jesting at laymen's parties. At any rate, except in the arbitrariness of his character, he showed no features of the Becket of Catholic tradition.\*

He adds in a note :—

Dum magnificus erat nugator in curiâ, dum legis videbatur contemptor et cleri, dum scurriles cum potentioribus sectabatur ineptias, magnus habebatur, clarus erat et acceptus omnibus. (John of Salisbury to the Bishop of Exeter. Letters, 1166.)

Mr. Froude's ill luck in dealing with his authorities comes upon him at this stage with even greater strength than usual. It is of course merely his ill luck; but then it is very ill luck indeed. It may be what some people call pedantry to notice that Mr. Froude writes "Bishop of Exeter," when he should have written "Archdeacon." The letter will be found in Dr. Giles's John of Salisbury (ii. 6), and its heading is "*Baldwino Exoniensi archidiacono*." But why did Mr. Froude lose so good an opportunity as he had got hold of for twitting John of Salisbury with inconsistency, for describing him as playing the part of Mr. Facing-both-ways? No one would have found out from Mr. Froude that the persons spoken of as "some of his biographers," who say one thing, and who are opposed to "John of Salisbury, on the other hand," are really only a plural form—perhaps a *pluralis excellentia*—for John of Salisbury himself. At least the words "*bestie curie*" do occur in the "Life" by John of Salisbury,† and I do not see them in any of the other

"Lives." To be sure Mr. Froude's eye, in looking at the heading of John of Salisbury's "Life" in Dr. Giles, may have been caught by the words, "*Auct. Alano*," and he may not have gone on to read the words "*et Joanne Sarisb.*" He may thus have thought that he was reading Alan instead of John. It might be going too far afield to hint that he may have confounded the "*bestie curie*," with whom Thomas had to wrestle in a figure, with the "*bestie terre*," which, according to Herbert of Bosham,\* he still continued to hunt in the flesh. Anyhow, if anybody contradicts anybody, it is John of Salisbury who contradicts himself. And surely it would have been better for Mr. Froude's purpose to represent John of Salisbury as contradicting himself than to represent him as contradicting somebody else. But in truth there is no real contradiction. John of Salisbury, speaking with different objects in the two passages, not unnaturally gave each a different tone and color. But there is no contradiction as to fact. Thomas led the life of a layman; he did not stand up for ecclesiastical claims, as he afterwards did; he may have seemed to be a despiser of the canon law and the clergy; and yet he may, which is what John of Salisbury really says that he did, have withstood acts of oppression, whether directed against churchmen or against laymen. The beasts of the court had to be withstood on behalf of both—"pro necessitate ecclesie et provincialium."† Mr. Froude's evil genius again kept him from seeing this last word. It might be a curious question for guessing what word that evil genius made him see when he quoted John of Salisbury as making Thomas given to "scurrilous jesting at laymen's parties." There is nothing answering to "laymen's parties" in the Latin; but it may be that the look of the word "*potentioribus*" suggested the thought of "*potationibus*."

But most amazing of all is the way in which Mr. Froude winds up this strange paragraph: "At any rate, except in the arbitrariness of character, he showed no

\* Herb. Bos. i. 20.

† Giles, i. 321: "Quotidie hinc pro domini sui regis salute et honore, inde pro necessitate ecclesie et provincialium, tam contra regem ipsum quam contra inimicos ejus contendere cogeatur et variis artibus varios eludere dolos. Sed hoc præcipue perurgebat quod indesinenter oportebat eum pugnare ad bestias curie, et velut cum Proteo ut dici solet, negotium gerere, et quasi in palaestra exercitari." The phrase of "*bestie curie*" seems to be borrowed from a phrase of Boetius with regard to his enemies at the court of Theodoric, but I have not the consolation of his company, so as to be able to quote his exact words.

\* LIVING AGE, No. 1725, p. 10.

† Giles, i. 321.



features of the Becket of Catholic tradition."

If by the vague phrase "the Becket of Catholic tradition" is meant Archbishop Thomas as described by his biographers, it is certain that many of the features of his later character had already shown themselves in the days of his chancellorship. Strictness of moral conduct, abundance of almsdeeds, severe religious mortifications, generally the main features of a personally devout life, are seemingly no part of the "Becket of Catholic tradition," as conceived by Mr. Froude. Yet Mr. Froude, in some of his less controversial moods, would have been just the man to tell how Thomas, after despising the blandishments of Avise of Stafford, was found by the host who spied out his goings so uncharitably, sleeping, worn out with his austerities, on the hard floor of his chamber. Perhaps "an atmosphere of legend renders the tale suspicious;" yet it is told by contemporary writers with names of persons and places. It can hardly be sheer invention; if true, it certainly shows that Thomas the chancellor did already forestall several of the features of "the Becket of Catholic tradition."

If we chose to be very exact in counting up the number of marked changes in the conduct and character of Thomas, we might begin with the time when he entered the service of Theobald. A distinct increase of seriousness of purpose and demeanor is marked by his biographers at this point.\* But this is no more than naturally takes place in any man at the time when he first devotes himself to any serious calling, especially if that calling is of a religious kind. Up to this time the young citizen of London was an ordinary layman, who had set himself down to no special line of life. In entering Theobald's service, he entered on an ecclesiastical line of life, and, though he did not take on himself the priesthood, he did take on himself the lower orders of the ecclesiastical ministry. As a deacon, in the archbishop's service and high in his confidence, the atmosphere in which he lived was ecclesiastical; he accordingly became a zealous advocate of ecclesiastical claims. Presently, by the act and at the bidding of

his ecclesiastical master, he was removed from this purely ecclesiastical sphere to the purely temporal sphere of the king's court. He became suddenly the most powerful man in the kingdom, the most intimate and trusted counsellor of the king in his great work of doing justice and making peace. Whatever was done in the land, he was emphatically the doer of it. And, while he filled so pre-eminent a position in public affairs, he was further admitted by his young sovereign to a measure of personal familiarity some of the recorded instances of which approach the grotesque. When the king's son was of an age to need a governor, it was to the care of Thomas that he was entrusted; when a wife was sought for him in his childhood, it was Thomas who was sent to seek for her. With the whole work of the kingdom on his hands, it is not wonderful if he thought even less than before of his ecclesiastical duties at Canterbury, Beverley, and Otford. He seems to have held that, when the archbishop handed him over to a temporal master for the discharge of a temporal office, he was in effect dispensed from the special duties and proprieties of the ecclesiastical character. He lived in short as a layman and a courtier; as his biographers say, he put off the deacon and put on the chancellor.\* We can understand that a man of his temperament, raised suddenly to so great a height, would take a real delight in making the most of his position, that he would magnify his office, and rejoice to dazzle men's minds by a display of hospitality and magnificence such as the noblest by birth could not surpass. The commonest history-books preserve some scraps of William Fitz-Stephen's picture of his master's splendor; every child must have heard of the chancellor's journey to Paris, with the horses, the dogs, and the monks, and the men who sang in English fashion as they went along.† Nay, as we have seen, he not only lived as layman and courtier, but was led by zeal for his lord so far to transgress ecclesiastical rule as to appear in camps and to take a personal share in the storm of battle. Grave men were scandalized at the secular life of the archdeacon of Canterbury and provost of Beverley;‡ but it was simply at

\* Edward Grim (9): "Ubi ludis et levitate positus seniorum sapientumque sermonibus ad meliora semper animum informabat." Herbert (i. 12) makes him dissatisfied with his secular life: "Cernens itaque hic noster Thomas professionem professioni et sic conversationem conversationi contrariam, cogitavit a curiis secularium ad aliquem grandem virum ecclesiasticum se transferre."

\* This is the phrase used by Herbert, who heads the ninth chapter of his second book (ii. 17), "Qualiter pro tempore levitavit archieps." So William of Canterbury (Giles, ii. 3): "Archiepiscopus . . . levitavit pro tempore exiit, et cancellarium induxit."  
† Will. Fil. Steph. "Aliquid lingua sua pro more patrie suae cantantes." One would hardly pick this out now as a specially English custom.

‡ Here comes in one of William Fitz-Stephen's best

come the man, and more than the man, that he had been before, by the unwilling acceptance of another office. He who had put off the deacon and put on the chancellor was now to put off the chancellor, and to put on, not the mere deacon, but the priest, bishop, archbishop, martyr, and saint. Perhaps we might some of us be tempted to say that the days of his truest saintship were, after all, the days of his chancellorship; but it is now that the steps towards his historic saintship begin. Placed in his new calling, he again changed his manner of life. It is hardly worth while to argue the point. Yet those who have been engaged in these studies all their days, those who can remember when it needed some daring to hint that the despised "Thomas à Becket" could have had any other motive than conscious hypocrisy, will be tempted to give a moment's thought to the well-meant endeavors of the elder Froude to show that Thomas's promotion to the archbishopric was not marked by any sudden change in his conduct at all. The notices of his strict and virtuous life as chancellor were carefully brought together; so were several passages in which traces of worldly demeanor are said to have clung to him after he was archbishop.\* From the two together Mr. R. H. Froude attempted to show that Thomas as chancellor and Thomas as archbishop were much the same kind of man. There seemed no other way of escaping the two alternatives of conscious hypocrisy and of miraculous conversion. But the fact of Thomas's complete change of life from the time of his appointment to the archbishopric cannot be gainsaid. It is not only directly asserted by all his biographers; it is proved by the particular facts which they record, and by incidental evidence of every kind. But what was the change? The real character of the man certainly did not change. Thomas, as chancellor, loved popularity—too much, some of his biographers say.† As chancellor he was meek among the meek, and fierce towards the fierce. He remained so as archbishop. As archbishop he could not keep himself from degrading the most trying scenes of his life, his confessorship at Northampton, his martyrdom at Canterbury, by the use of language which we must call reviling rather than rebuke.‡ But he

became another man so far as this, that, with his new office, his objects and purposes changed, and that his manner of life changed with them. He changed from the life of a layman, though a layman of strict and devout personal conduct, to the life of a churchman of the most exalted aims and in most respects of the austere way of living. Let it be granted to the elder Froude that the change was neither quite so sudden nor quite so complete as the admirers of Thomas, with one object, and his enemies with another, have loved to paint it. Still there was a change, and that change was a direct result of his appointment to the archbishopric; had he not received that office, there is no reason to think that he would have changed at all. Now, in my reading of his character, the change seems to me to be a conscious and artificial change, but in no sense a hypocritical change. I have already twice worked out my estimate of Thomas on this head; \* but, as it is plain that it is an estimate which has never come before the mind of Mr. J. A. Froude, I must even work it out a third time. Mr. Robertson compares Thomas both with Anselm and with Gregory the Seventh, and contrasts him unfavorably with both.† I have nothing to say against the verdict; but I do not think that Mr. Robertson fully brings out, perhaps he does not fully take in, the causes which gave both Anselm and Gregory an advantage over Thomas. Between Anselm and Thomas there is no likeness whatever in personal character. They had to some extent the same general objects; but the details of the two controversies were not the same, and the ways in which they severally set about to compass their objects were in the nature of things altogether different. Anselm, in whatever position, however firm in his purpose, however strict in enforcing discipline, could not fail to be personally meek and gentle. Thomas, in whatever position, could not fail to feel at least the stirrings of a fierce and ardent spirit; if he was meek and gentle, it was by a conscious effort. The eye of Thomas sparkled as he saw the hawk on the young noble's wrist; ‡ Anselm prayed for the persecuted

\* This is discussed at some length by Mr. Robertson, p. 48.

† See Herbert, ii. 12; Roger, 103; Jo. Sariab. 320. So Garnier, 12:—

"Jo seint iso qu'il fust orgueilleux et vains."

‡ See the language which he uses to the king's natu-

ral brother Hamelin and another at Northampton, in William of Canterbury (213), and the words used to Reginald Fitzurse, almost in his last moments: Edw. Grim, p. 76. William of Canterbury seems to be the only writer who preserves these expressions in the former case.

\* See Historical Essays, First Series, 102-107. Norman Conquest, v. 662.

† P. 318.

‡ Roger, 147; Alan, 352.

bird, and gave shelter to the hunted hare. Between Hildebrand and Thomas, with much more of likeness in point of character, there is all the difference between a man of genius of the first rank and a man of high ability in the second rank. Hildebrand was pre-eminently a creator; Thomas, we may be sure, would never have thought of the ecclesiastical claims, if others had not thought of them before him. But the main difference which separates Thomas alike from Anselm and from Hildebrand is the fact that in the case of Thomas there was this distinct change of life and purpose for which there was no need in the life of either of the others. A comparison of Thomas either with Saint Ambrose or with Phôtios would really be fairer; in all three there was the same transfer to high ecclesiastical office from objects and habits of quite another kind. It is certain that in one sense Anselm changed; he became scrupulous at one time of his life on points about which at an early stage he had been indifferent. But that was simply because he believed that he had received fresh enlightenment from a source to which he was bound to bow. Left to himself, he saw no objection to a bishop receiving his staff from the king; when at Rome and Bari he had been taught otherwise, he acted on his new conviction.\* Here is no change in the sense in which Thomas changed; the case is simply that a man who had always conformed to the law as he understood it was taught to understand the law in another way. In short, the whole life both of Anselm and Hildebrand was ecclesiastical; in the life of Thomas there was, at a particular moment, a change from the secular to the ecclesiastical life, as there had been at an earlier moment a change to the ecclesiastical life from the secular.

This fact is, in my view, the root of the whole matter. Thomas, ready and fervent to do his duty, as he understood it, in whatever position he found himself, felt himself bound to a new ideal of duty as soon as he became archbishop, as soon as the archbishopric was at all practically set before his eyes. Let him stay where he was, and he would go on acting as he was acting; move him to another sphere, and he must act in quite a different, in truth in an opposite way. He was not a man to do things by halves. As chancellor, he was the most faithful and zealous of chancellors, raising the powers and duties of the chancellorship to their highest point. As archbishop he would be the most faithful

and zealous of archbishops; he would carry out to the smallest jot and tittle the highest standard of an archbishop. Now had the archbishopric come to him, as it came to Anselm, as the natural promotion from kindred offices of a lower rank, had it been the natural crown of a life consistently ecclesiastical throughout, resolutions of this kind would have been no more than those which every honest man must make on any new promotion. Had Thomas been raised to the metropolitan throne from a diligent discharge of his duties as archdeacon or provost, as Anselm was raised from a diligent discharge of his duties as abbot, the case would have been different. There would have been no sudden change, only a natural step; he might have asserted ecclesiastical claims all the same; but there would most likely have been more moderation in the claims themselves; there would certainly have been more moderation in the way of asserting them. He would have been somewhat less lavish of suspensions and excommunications. Used to the wielding of spiritual arms on a smaller scale, he would not have felt that kind of direct satisfaction in wielding them on the greater scale which Thomas seems really to have felt. He might have been quite as steadfast, very likely more steadfast — Anselm, if he had deemed of duty as Thomas deemed, would never have yielded as Thomas yielded at Clarendon — but he would have been less impetuous, less provoking; simply because in all things he would have been acting naturally and not artificially. Thomas in truth was throughout acting a part. In saying this I do not mean that he was acting a dishonest part. I mean that he consciously said to himself, "I wish to be a zealous archbishop, a saintly archbishop; this and that are the right things for a zealous and saintly archbishop to do." There can be little doubt that Anselm was his model. Now Thomas could not, under any circumstances, have been like Anselm; the in-born natures of the two men were wholly different; they might seek the same objects, but they would seek them in wholly different ways. But still less could Thomas be like Anselm, when he was consciously trying to be like Anselm. We may be sure that Anselm never thought of being a saint; it came natural to him; he could never have been anything else. He seems indeed in his youth to have been guilty of a single lapse from virtue of a kind of which Thomas was not guilty; \* but with

\* See Norman Conquest, v. 137, 220.

\* I unluckily cannot give the reference here; but the fact is mentioned in a letter from Anselm to his sister.

him this would come to little more than adding the virtue of penitence to his other virtues. His whole career is simple, natural, unconscious. Therefore through his whole career he never lost his dignity, never lost his temper, never refused to listen to reason from any quarter. Ready to suffer when he deemed it his duty, he made it no part of his duty to raise up difficulties, or to torment himself with petty scruples. He had a controversy with two kings; he can hardly be said to have had a quarrel with either. The majesty of his holiness awed even the savage Rufus; in Henry the First he met with a disputant who was able, like himself, though from different causes, to carry on a controversy of principles without loss of dignity or temper, without breach of personal friendship. Such a model, sublime in its simplicity in the original, becomes almost grotesque when it is parodied rather than imitated by a man of a wholly different nature, who is all the time thinking about doing the right thing, instead of doing the right thing without thinking about it. In this sense I hold that Thomas was acting a part, a perfectly honest part, a part which he sincerely believed to be his duty; but still a conscious, artificial, unnatural part, a part which could not fail to be misconceived and overdone. Thomas, with all his efforts, could not bring himself even to suffer like Anselm. That he should ever think, speak, or act like Anselm, was utterly out of the range of human possibility.

Thomas then, as archbishop, was placed in a position for which he was manifestly unfit. Many a man in such a place would have simply neglected his duties. Thomas was not likely to neglect his duties; but he could hardly fail to discharge them in a distorted and exaggerated fashion. All this is of course quite distinct from the question whether the notion of duty entertained by either Anselm or Thomas was an enlightened notion. It is almost needless to say that it is far easier to justify the career of Anselm than that of Thomas. But I am not now concerned to justify either; I am merely trying to point out what I conceive to have been the principles upon which each of them acted. The very fact that Thomas had so long put off the churchman would naturally make him, when he put on the churchman again, put him on in his most extreme form. The fact that he had in some sort betrayed the privileges of his order would make him now the most vehement in the support of those privileges. That the king pressed his ap-

pointment to the archbishopric for the exactly opposite purpose there can be no kind of doubt. The chief point which Mr. Froude here makes against Thomas is that he did not warn the king that, if he became archbishop, he should have to oppose his schemes.

If we are not to suppose that he was deliberately insincere, we may believe that he changed his opinion in consequence of the German schism. But even so an honorable man would have given his master warning of the alteration, and it is certain that he did not. He did, we are told, feel some scruples. The ecclesiastical conscience had not wholly destroyed the human conscience, and the king had been a generous master to him. But his difficulties were set aside by the casuistries of a Roman legate. Archbishop Theobald died when the two cardinals were in Normandy for the marriage of Prince Henry and the Princess Margaret. There was a year of delay before the choice was finally made. Becket asked the advice of Cardinal Henry of Pisa. Cardinal Henry told him that it was for the interest of the Church that he should accept the archbishopric, and that he need not communicate convictions which would interfere with his appointment.\*

The simple answer to this is to say that the whole account is pure fiction. Mr. Froude's characters are made to say the things which they never said, and to leave unsaid the things which they did say. In ordinary cases we might be tempted to speak both of *suppressio veri* and of *suggestio falsi*; with Mr. Froude it of course comes under the general rule of invincible ill luck. As Thomas did warn King Henry of what was likely to happen, Mr. Froude was driven to say that he did not; as Cardinal Henry is not recorded to have used the arguments which Mr. Froude puts into his mouth, Mr. Froude was driven to put them into his mouth. Unless Herbert of Bosham relates a conversation which never happened at all, Thomas did warn the king in the plainest words, that, if he persisted in putting him into the archbishopric, there would be an end of their friendship. And he as distinctly added the reason, namely, that Henry's conduct in ecclesiastical matters was such as he would, as archbishop, be bound to oppose. Mr. Froude might have spared his sneers about the ecclesiastical conscience and the human conscience. Or he might have said instead — only it would not so well have fitted into his argument — that Thomas the chancellor and Thomas the archbishop had two different consciences, and that the conscience of

\* LIVING AGE, No. 1725, p. 11.



Thomas as chancellor allowed things which his conscience as archbishop forbade. But if Mr. Froude expects to find either kings or bishops in the twelfth century acting according to the received code of honor in the nineteenth, he will be sadly disappointed. Still, Thomas in this case did act as Mr. Froude says that an honorable man should have acted. He did tell his master, not that his opinion had changed because of the German schism, which is a pure fancy of Mr. Froude's, but that his archiepiscopal conscience, as soon as he had one, would call on him to oppose measures which his conscience as chancellor did not call on him to oppose. The story is a picturesque one, which Mr. Froude could have told well. The king tells the chancellor that he designs him for the archbishopric. The chancellor, clad in gay lay apparel, points to his own dress, and asks whether this is the religious and holy man who ought to be placed in so holy a seat, and over so holy a convent as that of Canterbury.\* If such a purpose was carried out, the king would soon turn his face from him, and their friendship would be turned into most bitter hatred. "For," he added, "I know that you will demand many things, and that you even now venture to do many things in ecclesiastical matters which I should not be able to endure with a quiet mind. And so envious persons will seize the opportunity to deprive me of your favor, and to stir up ceaseless hatred between us."†

This warning was surely a fair one; the only question is whether it was ever given. Herbert of Bosham says that it was; Mr. Froude says that it is certain that it was not. Mr. Robertson is less positive. He tells the story, and gives the reference; to be sure he introduces it with "It is said," and makes a comment of his own.‡ Still

\* Herbert i. 26: "Cui cancellarius schemata quædam risibilia quibus tunc indutus subridendo ostendens et quasi oculis ingerens, Quam religiosum, inquit, quam sanctum virum in tam sancta sede et super tam celebrem et tam sanctum monachorum conventum constitui desideras." The lay dress of Thomas is also spoken of by the Lambeth writer, ii. 76: "Ipse vix etiam clericum veste gestu profert, magis autem mutatoris mollium inter aula delicatas delicatius nitens." The sarcasms of the prior of Leicester have been already quoted.

† Herbert i. 26: "Novi quippe te nonnulla exacturum et etiam in ecclesiasticis te jam multa præsumere quæ ego æquo animo sustinere non possem. Et ita occasione nacta interponent se invidi, qui extincta gratia perpetuum inter nos odium suscitabunt."

‡ "It may have been that the smile which accompanied the words was intended to counteract their effect; it is certain that Henry did not understand them seriously, but continued to suppose that, in promoting his favorite, he was forwarding his own views of policy as to the affairs of the Church." ("Becket: a Biography," pp. 38, 39.) Presently, in a note, Mr. Robertson hints that the sarcasms of the prior of Leicester

the story is told; whatever hints he may throw out by the way, Mr. Robertson's fate as constantly binds him to say what is in the book as Mr. Froude's fate binds him to say something else. So it is impossible to find either in Mr. Robertson's narrative or in any of the contemporary writers any signs of the "casuistry of a Roman legate" which Mr. Froude assigns to Cardinal Henry. Three writers indeed record that it was the influence of this cardinal which at last induced Thomas to accept the archbishopric. Henry argued that it would be for the good of the Church and of Thomas's own soul.\* But there is nothing about "communicating" or not "communicating convictions."

I am bound however to say, from some experience of the ways of the twelfth century, that, if the facts had stood in the real narrative as they stand in Mr. Froude's fictitious narrative, I should not have been at all surprised. There is no need to talk about an "ecclesiastical conscience" and a "human conscience." The delicacy of feeling which teaches a man to do something more than satisfy a formal truthfulness, the delicacy which would prompt a man, in such case as that of Thomas, not only to give a warning, but to repeat it if there was the least chance of its being misunderstood, is not to be looked for from either clerk or layman in that age. We must be satisfied if neither clerk nor layman tells downright lies. As I see no reason to suspect Herbert of Bosham of telling downright lies, I believe that Thomas did give Henry a full and abundant warning. But I should not have thought it the least wonderful, if, having convinced himself on other grounds that he ought to take the archbishopric, he had held, as Mr. Froude makes Cardinal Henry hold, that he was not bound to communicate convictions which might interfere with his appointment, provided of course that he told no direct lies.

\* "may have suggested Becket's answer to the king." These words may be taken in two senses.

\* The action of Cardinal Henry is mentioned by Roger (108), John of Salisbury, ("Life," 322), and the Lambeth writer (78). This last says, "Cujus concilium et instinctus ad hoc etiam diligentius accessit, ut munus tam instantem oblatum pro Christi ecclesia non respuerit, nec occasionem tam honestam sperneret, quam liber ab humano, Dei deinceps vacare posset obsequio." Neither here nor in the other two writers is there anything about "communicating convictions;" I have seen nothing of the kind elsewhere, neither seemingly has Mr. Robertson. It is physically possible that Mr. Froude may, in the course of some special research, have found the speech which he attributes to the cardinal in some of the endless letters in Dr. Giles's series. But when Dr. Giles gives us no index and Mr. Froude gives us no reference, one can only say, "De non existentibus et non apparentibus eadem est ratio."

It is needless and impossible to go into every detail of the story. But I must point out that this matter of the appointment of Thomas has been mistaken in its most important aspects, not only by Mr. Froude, but by writers much better informed and far more careful than Mr. Froude. Mr. Froude evidently does not think it the least strange that Henry should have proposed to raise his chancellor to the archbishopric, or that he should further have expected that the new archbishop would remain his chancellor. What is more singular, Mr. Robertson also does not seem to see the strangeness. Yet there can be no doubt that the scheme was altogether without a precedent. Mr. Froude says, in that tone of his which is sure to impress every one who has not the original writers at his fingers' ends:—

Where the problem was to reconcile the rights of the clergy with the law of the land, it would be convenient, even essential, that the chancellorship and the primacy should be combined in the same person. Barbarossa was finding the value of such a combination in Germany, where, with the Archbishop of Cologne for a chancellor of the Empire, he was carrying out an ecclesiastical revolution.\*

I will not stay to dispute how far the emperor Frederick carried out an ecclesiastical revolution, or how far the fact that he had an archiepiscopal chancellor helped him to carry it out. I will only notice that this must come, either directly or through the medium of Mr. Robertson, from a passage in Ralph de Diceto. Only a chancellor has fallen out by the way, and a speculation about an ecclesiastical revolution, of which nothing can be found in the writings either of the dean of St. Paul's or of the canon of Canterbury, has crept in instead. An "Archbishop of Cologne for a chancellor of the Empire," with Germany specified as the scene of his duties as chancellor, but imperfectly represents the very carefully drawn-up statement of Dean Ralph:—

Audierat namque quod Maguntinus archiepiscopus in *Teutonica sub rege*, quod Coloniensis archiepiscopus in *Italia sub imperatore*, nomen sibi vendicent archicancellarii.†

Now it might be convenient, it might be essential, for Henry's schemes that primacy and chancellorship should be united; there might be excellent precedent for it in the Imperial kingdoms; the

point is that there was no precedent for it in England. Mr. Robertson, indeed, says:—

The office of chancellor was not regarded as incompatible with that of a bishop, either on account of its nature or on account of the labor attached to it. Bishops and archbishops had held it before, and were to hold it in later times.

No doubt after Thomas's time, bishops and even archbishops constantly held the chancellorship. That is to say, the chancellorship had, in Thomas's hands, grown so in dignity that it was no longer thought beneath their dignity to hold or to keep it. Yet a good many comments were called forth when chancellorship and primacy were united in the hands of Archbishop Hubert.† Mr. Robertson hardly speaks with his usual accuracy when he speaks of bishops and archbishops having already held the office. That Thomas, as the king's chancellor, should be promoted to a bishopric was a thing in ordinary course. That, on promotion to a bishopric, he should give up the chancellorship was equally a thing in ordinary course. Two things quite out of ordinary course were that the king's chancellor should be promoted to the see of Canterbury, and that the Archbishop of Canterbury should be expected to remain the king's chancellor. Not only Mr. Froude, but even Mr. Robertson, fails altogether to see the wide distinction between an ordinary bishopric and the patriarchal throne of Britain. Again I must repeat what I have said elsewhere,‡ as it is absolutely essential to the argument. The metropolitan chair of Canterbury held in those days a position which may be said to differ from an ordinary bishopric in kind as well as in degree. Its occupant was looked on as the pontiff of the island empire, as the temporal ruler of that empire was looked on as its Cæsar. Lanfranc appears on the mainland as patriarch of all the nations beyond the sea. Anselm is received by the pope of the Roman world as himself the pope of another world. Within that island world, the primate of Canterbury, the "head of Angle-kin," was by ancient custom looked on as the representative of the nation, the chief counsellor of the king, his subject doubtless but hardly his servant, his fellow-worker, sometimes his representative

\* LIVING AGE, No. 1725, p. 11.

† X. Script., 534. To be sure a third chancellor and a third kingdom have dropped out altogether; but the Middle Kingdom is used to neglect.

\* P. 63.

† R. Howden, iv. 91, Stubbs. Compare, on the employment of bishops as justiciars, R. Diceto, X. Scripti., 606, 652.

‡ See Norman Conquest, vol. v., p. 661.

or substitute, but never his mere minister to do his bidding. The famous parable of Anselm speaks of king and archbishop as the two oxen of equal strength which should draw the plough of the Church of England.\* Accordingly, while other bishoprics had come to be habitually given as rewards for secular service done to the king, while they were often held along with the highest posts in the service of the king, a wholly different rule was habitually applied to the primacy. Before the time of Thomas the archbishopric had never been given as the reward of mere secular service. While other bishoprics were filled from the king's chapel and chancery, the archbishops, by an almost invariable rule, were monks. Even a regular canon was objected to; † the secular character of Thomas, like that of Stigand, was noted on all hands as a novelty. Since the Norman Conquest, when the secularization of the other bishoprics set in, translations from them to Canterbury had become rare, clearly because archbishops and bishops were habitually chosen out of quite different classes of men. Such a translation had happened once only, in the case of Anselm's successor Ralph, a monk whom Anselm had placed in the bishopric of Rochester. Among the earlier archbishops there had been great saints, great scholars, great statesmen; not one had been a mere royal official. The appointment of such an official, a mere deacon and one who had put off the deacon, was something which had never happened since Canterbury had had archbishops at all. Mr. Froude sets forth, fairly enough, the difficulties which Henry met with in accomplishing his purpose. But he seems to think that they arose wholly out of Thomas's personal character. The truth is that, if it had been any other bishopric to which Thomas was appointed, no one would have seen anything very wonderful in it. Strict men might have murmured, as they doubtless murmured at the whole system of promotions from among the king's officials; but such murmurings would have been all. But when it was not Salisbury or Lincoln or Durham, but Canterbury itself, to which the king's chancellor was to be exalted, it did seem wonderful to everybody, to Thomas himself not the least. That such a thing could be thought of by the king, that it should become matter of general expectation, shows beyond all doubt the

commanding personal position of Thomas, the commanding position to which he had raised his office of chancellor. It doubtless seemed less wonderful than it would have seemed in the case of any chancellor who had gone before him. Yet in one way it might have seemed more wonderful, for hardly any other chancellor could have so utterly put off the churchman. But Thomas had risen so high that almost anything might seem possible in his case. Still men both wondered and murmured. The objections of Gilbert Foliot may have sprung from disappointed ambition; but Gilbert, monk and scholar, abbot and bishop, did belong to the class from which archbishops of Canterbury were commonly taken, while Thomas did not. Gilbert's sarcastic saying that the king had wrought a miracle in turning a secular man and a soldier into an archbishop,\* simply set forth the way in which the traditional feeling of England must have looked at the enthronement of Chancellor Thomas in the chair of Augustine, Ælfeah, and Anselm.

It is further made one of the charges against Thomas that he allowed the king to believe that he would remain his chancellor after his consecration as archbishop. Something like this is implied in the way in which Mr. Froude, and even Mr. Robertson, speak of his resignation of the chancellorship. It is certain that the king was both surprised and offended at his so doing.† But this does not at all imply that Thomas had deceived the king by any false representations, or even by any failure, in Mr. Froude's phrase, "to communicate convictions." Considering all the precedents bearing upon the case, it is most likely that Thomas and everybody else took the speedy resignation of the chancellorship for granted. We must again remember that it was usual for even an ordinary bishop to give up the chancellorship at his consecration. If then the king had wrought one miracle in turning the chancellor into an archbishop, he would have wrought another if he had caused the archbishop to remain his chancellor. The earlier customs of England were doubtless better known to Thomas than they were to Henry; and Henry, with his mind full of his Imperial models, may really have been surprised at an act which to Thomas

\* Will. Fil. Steph. 202: "Postmodum dixit [Gilbertus] mirum fecisse regem, qui de homine seculari et de milite quodam fecisset archiepiscopum."

† R. de Diceto: "Nuntium in Normanniam regi direxit, renuntians cancellariæ, sigillum resignans. Quod altius in cor regis ascendit, in se solum causam resignationis tam subitæ detorquentis."

\* Eadmer, Hist. Nov. 18.

† See Peterborough Chronicle, 1123. Norman Conquest, vol. v., p. 236.

seemed a mere matter of course. But again I must remark that, although there is no reason to suppose that Thomas at all deceived Henry in the matter, we must not expect from him, or from any one else in those days, that delicate sensitiveness of feeling to which it would seem a matter of duty to take every possible means to undeceive him. The feeling of Thomas might very well be that he was going to do what he had a right to do, what was usual to do in such a case, and that, if the king chose to expect him to do something different, it was no concern of his. It is singular that Thomas's biographers tell us next to nothing about his resignation of the chancellorship. As Mr. Robertson says, it is not very clear when it took place; but it must have been very soon after his consecration. It would save some trouble if we could accept Mr. Froude's version of the matter. He makes the resignation of the chancellorship take place at the time when Thomas was declared free from all secular responsibilities.

The first public intimation which Becket gave of his intentions was his resignation of the chancellorship. He had been made archbishop that the offices might be combined; he was no sooner consecrated than he informed the king that the duties of his sacred calling left him no leisure for secular business. He did not even wait for Henry's return from Normandy. He placed the Great Seal in the hands of the chief justice, the young prince, and the barons of the exchequer, demanding and receiving from them a hurried discharge of his responsibilities. The accounts, for all that appears, were never examined.\*

This version would make matters very plain indeed; only unluckily the release of Thomas from all secular responsibilities took place before his consecration; while it is shown by a most curious little bit of evidence that he remained chancellor for some time, though seemingly for a very short time, after his consecration. The release is described by several of the biographers, but most fully by Edward Grim, who gives us the speech made by or for Bishop Henry of Winchester.† From the justiciar, Richard of Lucy, whom Mr. Froude cuts down into a chief justice—the name may possibly be justified, but it has a strangely modern sound—from Henry the son and heir of King Henry,‡

whom both Mr. Froude and Mr. Robertson have made into a "prince," while Roger of Pontigny more excusably has exalted him into the "rex junior" which he was afterwards;\* and from others of the great men of England—seemingly Mr. Froude's barons of the exchequer—Thomas received the release which declared him free from all secular charges. This would certainly seem to imply that his resignation of the chancellorship was a thing which was fully expected to follow. The Church, it was said, received him free;† but, if he was to go on being chancellor, he would soon again cease to be free. But his formal resignation did not take place till after he was consecrated. This is shown by a story, in which we get deep indeed into the atmosphere of legend, but which is none the less trustworthy as a piece of incidental evidence. The newly consecrated archbishop appeared in the choir of Christ Church, not in the monastic dress which became the abbot of that house, but in the dress of a canon regular, which Benedictine strictness looked on as no better than a secular habit. One of his intimate friends saw a terrible vision which warned him to go to the chancellor—he who was so clad was unworthy of the name of archbishop—and tell him to appear for the future in a more becoming garb.‡ The archbishop changed his dress, and also his manners; for want of any better date, we may suppose that he resigned the chancellorship at the same time. But, however this may be, the legend could never have arisen if he had resigned the chancellorship before his consecration.

And now for a second time Thomas has become a new man. The chancellor is

White Ship, and we are still a long way from any "princes." Garnier (15) calls him "Pentaunt," which might have become a title in England, as it did in Spain.

\* 107; "Ad regis junioris presentiam." So, directly after, "rex pater," the style of a few years later. Edward Grim (15) calls him "regis filius coronandus adhuc."

† Edw. Grim, *ibid*: "Ministri regis, Ex ore, inquit, regis liberum eum clamamus ab omni calumnia et exactione nunc in omne tempus." So all the others. Mr. Robertson (337) discusses the value of this release at length. My chief point is one on which I think that Mr. Robertson will agree with me, namely, that it had nothing to do with burnings and manslayings.

‡ The story is told by Edward Grim (16), Roger (111), Garnier (19, 20). Edward alone mentions the habit of the canon regular. Roger says, "Vestis adhuc ei erat in exterioribus ut prius, splendida scilicet, pretiosa, et honesta." The message stands in Garnier:—

"Va tost al chanceler: di li ke jo lui maunt  
Prengre habit munial, ne se voist riem targaunt."

So Edward: "Dic cancellario (tacito nomen archiepiscopi præ nimia indignatione)." Roger spoils the whole story by saying "dic archiepiscopo."

\* LIVING AGE, No. 1730, p. 361.

† Edw. Grim, 15. Cf. Roger, 107, 108; Will. Fil. Steph. 202; Herbert, i. 30; Garnier, 19; Jo. Sarisb. Ep. ii. 11.

‡ "Per filium heredemque regis Henrici Secundi Henricum," is the careful description of William Fitz-Stephen, 202. We lost our last Ætheling in the



changed into the archbishop. The man who had played his natural part so well, so zealously, as a great royal official, is going, as a confessor and martyr of the Church, to play an artificial part, no less sincerely, no less zealously, but in the awkward and overdone fashion of one who is playing an artificial part. I must confess that, at this point, where with many the history of Thomas begins, for me it loses its main personal interest. From this point, as far as my immediate feelings are concerned, I am tempted to look at him mainly as the man who withstood the Danegeld—if Danegeld it was—the “sort of Hampden” as even Mr. Robertson is forced to call him,\* and as the man who, even while striving in the cause of Rome, sent forth not a few hearty English denunciations against her corruptions. I demand truth and justice for him, as for every man, from his birth to his death; but from the time when he ceases to be chancellor, I feel no longer called on to strive for him as one of his own following. On many points that are to come I could be satisfied to sit by and look on at what, if it were not a strife between the living and the long dead, one might call the Theban strife of the elder and the younger Froude. In the times which we have thus far gone through my interest is nearer. Here is a great and representative man of the generation in which the descendants of the Norman settlers in England became Englishmen, the generation which beheld the anarchy and the restoration of peace, each of which events, in its own way, helped to carry out the work of fusion yet more fully. Norman by descent, English by birth and feeling, proud of England as his native land, of London as his native city; trained by travel and study in other lands, but never losing his love for his native soil; trusted by the Angevin king, beloved by the English people,—Thomas of London is the very embodiment of that blending together of Normans and English on English ground which was the great work of the twelfth century, and of which we feel the blessings in the nineteenth. And here is a man who comes forward to write his life and times, but who shows at once that this, the most instructive aspect of his life and times, has never once entered his mind; a man who, instead of the true history of the birth and parentage of him of whom he writes, has nothing to give us but old wives’ fables which scholars have cast aside for years, fables at

which his own forgotten brother had years ago dealt the first blow. Here is the great minister of one of our greatest kings, the fellow-worker of that king in his great work, the man who brought back peace after the anarchy, the man who has left his mark on the law and constitution of England for all later time, the man who by his device of scutage dealt a blow to feudalism second only to the blow which William the Great had dealt at Salisbury, the man who gave to the great post of chancellor the dignity which it has kept to our own times, the man who, if he cast away the duties of his proper calling for the cares of state and for the storm of battle, still lived a life, just, pure, devout, a life which, if it had been usual to canonize ministers of state as easily as kings and bishops, might have won him the honors of sainthood without any exile at Pontigny or any martyrdom at Canterbury. And here is a man calling himself a historian, professing to report and to balance the statements of contemporary writers, but who, instead of the statements of contemporary writers, instead of any inference which can be fairly drawn from these statements, gives us a monstrous fabric of pure fiction, consistent in one thing only, that everything is turned to the discredit of the man who gave England light and peace after her blackest day of darkness and anarchy. I have done my best to undo the wrong, and to set up the true chancellor Thomas of history against the purely imaginary chancellor Thomas of Mr. Froude’s fantastic, but somehow always slanderous, dreams. I have further tested him, not only by the witness of the contemporary writers as it appears to me, but also by their witness as it appears to a writer many of whose ideas are very different from my own, whose estimate of Thomas is only a little more favorable than that of Mr. Froude himself, but who knows, what Mr. Froude seems not to know, what truth and accuracy are. My inferences from the facts will often be found widely different from the inferences of Mr. Robertson; but I believe that my facts and Mr. Robertson’s facts will be found to be on all essential points the same. What pass for facts with Mr. Froude will be found to be altogether different from either. All this could be done only at some detail, and at some detail I have done it. Those who have followed me thus far have perhaps learned what Thomas of London was as a maker of history, what Mr. Froude is as a writer of it. If so, my main object has been gained,

and we may pass over what remains at a swifter pace. Mr. Froude, Mr. Robertson, every other writer of the "Life and Times of Thomas," has naturally given a much greater space to Thomas the archbishop than to Thomas the chancellor. I should do the same, if I were either writing a formal life or dealing with the subject in its place in a formal history. For my present immediate objects it will better serve to reverse the proportion. Three papers have been needed to bring me to the consecration of Thomas; I trust that one more will be enough to bring me to his martyrdom.\*

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

\* Owing to complete separation from books, I have been unable to verify my references and extracts on the proof-sheet. It is possible therefore that some slips of pen or press may have crept in, especially in the French of Garnier, where it is not easy to carry the exact spelling in the memory.

From The Saturday Review.

#### CONSOLATION.

CONSOLATION is the active work of moral philosophy, which, if it does little else that is effective, is supposed to soothe us in our pains. As nothing is more generally acknowledged than the emptiness and futility of the consolations which we administer to others, it might be hastily supposed that moral philosophy is of no use at all. There is, however, all the difference imaginable between individual examples of consolation, which are generally as absurd as they are well-meaning, and the useful disposition to look about the world for consolation in general. Suppose a man has lost his child or his fortune, we all know the kind of commonplaces which it was once fashionable to address to him. At certain times in the history of the world clever men set their wits to devise formulæ of comfort. The industry of the Stoics came to little more than this, and if grief can be beguiled by a game with verbal counters, the writings of the Stoics are still the best reading for the afflicted. Let a man persuade himself that in the system of the universe he is less than the fly on the wheel, or the dust by the way; and it is not a hard matter to be reasonably convinced of that. As it is undeniable that the feelings of the fly and the experience of the blown notes of dust are things infinitely unimportant, it follows that the loss of children or of fortune is unimportant too. A reader must be consoled on

the spot, or must be illogical. Unfortunately the modern way of looking at things interferes with that strict syllogism of which the conclusion is suicide. Thus the study of Marcus Aurelius, or of Cicero, or of Epictetus, is only so far a consolation as it distracts the mind from its grief. This is so generally acknowledged that the fashion of writing to unfortunate acquaintances stereotyped suggestions of any but religious comfort has almost entirely fallen into abeyance. After all, this is in itself a consolation, and grief and bankruptcy have partly lost their sting.

Though the actual and complacent philosophy of the thing has gone out, the systems of this morality are still worth glancing at. They contain all the elements of popular consolation, which, as we shall see, may be put shortly in brief and familiar maxims. For example, it is a favorite trick with Marcus Aurelius to contemplate the vast distances of time, past and future, in the midst of which the fortunes of the individual dwindle to nothingness. Consider the men who lived before Divus Julius, and those others who were even by them forgotten, and all the myriads in every land who have not left a memorial stone. What they are you will be, neither more nor less, and your sufferings are no more to the world than theirs. This would be admirable consolation if the sufferer were the world, for then, to be sure, his annoyances would be infinitesimal. As it happens, however, he is but an individual, and of vastly more interest and importance to himself than is a whole wilderness of worlds. Toothache is of more moment to him than the crashing and jostling of planets without number, than the extinction of a dozen stars, and the spontaneous combustion of half a universe. To a philosophic eye these cosmic movements and that decay of nature's secular handiwork may seem of more interest than a petty nervous disarrangement; but the sufferer really cannot see things in the same light. In all the vastnesses of time he himself has but a few brief hours; and of these a large appreciable portion is made bitterness by pain. It is no real consolation to know that this waste is but a poignant example of the immense waste of the universe. These reflections reply to the philosophy of the imperial Stoic, and they answer as well to the humble consolation of resigned old ladies. All the eloquence of Marcus Aurelius, and his sublime remarks about the speck in infinity which is all we own, are stated briefly in the popular saying, "It will be all the same a hun-

dred years hence." No consolation is more irritating, for none is more false. The sufferer does not care one pin for the effect that his present inconvenience will have on men and things a hundred years hence. Nay, he would rather be pleased to know that his grief or anguish might so work that things should *not* be the same. It is no comfort to have to bear what is disagreeable because the endurance is to have no effect. The martyr on his pile is supported by the belief that, a hundred years hence, things will not be the same as they would have been had he not been tormented. On the other hand, the saw may be said to promise rest and forgetfulness. In a hundred years it will be all the same to us, and our tired nerves will ache no longer. But what we complain of is that they ache at present, and that the too short hours which we still have, before that peace which approaches more swiftly than we like, are racked and harassed.

In moments of disappointment with the conduct of others, in moments when ingratitude and dishonesty make themselves felt, the sage advises us that the dishonest and ungrateful only acted according to their nature. They, too, are parts of the scheme of the universe, like the rattlesnake and the mosquito; and it is impious to complain of their doing what they were born to do. The popular rendering of this thought is the aphorism, "It takes all sorts to make a world." Pangloss could not have improved on this happy optimism. Without postulating that this is the best of all possible worlds, the popular philosophy takes it as the only type of an actual system. We see that scamps and scoundrels and bores make part of it, and comfort ourselves by the thought that they too are necessary to the scheme and patchwork of things. Another consolatory idea, more popular, perhaps, than scientific, is that of "the possible worse." There are few positions so bad but that of a position still more evil can be imagined. Thus, if you break your collar-bone, you are told to be contented because it might be worse — you might have broken your neck. The thought is familiar to the Calvinistic fancy of the poor in Scotland. They always have what they think the very probable worst before their minds, a condition compared with which mere mortal misery is a trifle not worth grumbling about. A lady who complained that she had missed a train was astonished, and perhaps offended, at being told, "Ye might be waur, ye might be in Hell." This is the ordinary mental attitude of the descendants

of the Cameronians, and their theology, or demonology, helps them at least to endure without a murmur the rigor of the national climate. The very opposite and equally tenable point of view was that of the beggar who was accidentally ridden over by a squadron of horse, and yet was nothing the worse. "Go down on your knees and thank heaven for your escape, you ungrateful scoundrel," cried a pious bystander. "And what am I to be grateful for?" asked the beggar; "is it for having been ridden over by a regiment of dragoons?" One man is pleased and satisfied as long as he escapes the worst of fates, and another sees no reason to rejoice because ill-fortune has for once passed by without scathing him. The latter generally rejects the consolations of philosophy and is open to those of alcohol.

The consolations to be derived from the contemplation of a possible worse are naturally laid great stress on by Petrarch, in that peculiarly futile manual of stoicism which the old French translator calls "*Le Sage résolu contre l'une et l'autre Fortune*" (Brussels: Foppens. M.D.C.L.X.) Probably no one ever gave more irritating advice than Petrarch does in this curious treatise. He approaches his friends when they are in all manner of misfortunes, and tenders the most maddening condolences. He seems to say, in a tone of extraordinary and fatuous superiority, If you were not rather a fool you would enjoy old age, the possession of a faithless wife, low birth, illegitimacy, the loss of all your money, hatred and the public envy, disgrace, bereavement, blindness, battle, murder, and sudden death. Petrarch has a good word for all these accidents. All might have been worse, or might be made worse. Take the case of a fire: "You have escaped the flames, and yet you complain because you were in peril therein. Dare you revile Fortune because she permitted you to escape? You have not been harmed by the fire of earth, but dread" (a pretty consolation truly!) "the fire of heaven. Ask Tullus Hostilius and Carus, the one king the other emperor of the Romans, of whom one was smitten by a thunderbolt in his palace, and the other in his camp near the river Tigris. You say you left your property in the flames, suppose you had left your person!" and so forth. Another standing source of comfort is the statement that you are no worse off than other people. This is the kind of condolence which Mr. Tennyson truly styles "vacant chaff:" —

That loss is common would not make  
My own less bitter, rather more.

No one ever surely abused the formula more than Petrarch. In his essay on the conveniences and pleasures of having one's house burned down, he gives a brief list of eminent persons whose mansions have not been more fortunate than those of his victim. "The founders of the empire of Rome came out of the conflagration of Troy. Scripture tells us that Elijah was carried away in a chariot of fire, and God showed himself to Moses in a burning bush. It is not without reason that cities light bonfires as a sign of joy, and will you make your domestic bonfire matter of re-pining? You are vexed because your house was burned to the ground; had the temple of Ephesian Diana any better fate? Not to speak of smaller towns, Saguntum, Numantia, and Corinth have been destroyed by the flames, and Rome was all ablaze in the time of the emperor Nero. Carthage was burned once, Troy twice, and the whole world itself is one day to be destroyed by fire."

These wise sayings are the *reductio ad absurdum* of consolation, and a burned-out friend to whom Petrarch might have addressed them would almost have been justified in breaking the poet's laurelled head. Another handful of vacant chaff is the comfort suggested by him who congratulates you that you escape the dangers of an entirely opposite state of things. You are of unknown parentage. Well, no one can tell you that your father was a better man than yourself. You are a pauper; then you cannot be guilty of haughty display. You have lost your wife; then she cannot quarrel with you. Your son is dead; he will never disgrace you. These are among the most favorite pearls of Petrarch's wisdom, and he casts them before his public with a haughty arrogance, as if they were not the commonplaces of old women contented with their neighbors' misfortunes. Indeed there is no real consolation in the world except what sympathy, time, and occupation give. If no chance of other love were ours, we should not survive the death of friends; if the dust of time did not choke up our memories, we should die of grief and pain. The search of the mind for consolation among the maxims and wise sayings of the sages is itself a kind of employment and salutary distraction, as the purchasing of mourning raiment is to women, and insensibly wins the soul from the contemplation of its own trouble. To this extent works of consolation, and even the letters of the

well-meaning, are not wholly useless. If they only set the unhappy on the intellectual task of tearing up the threadbare fallacies and dissecting the old sophisms, it is something. Even Petrarch's book may have helped a man in bitter grief or chagrin to a fit of healthy anger and scorn, and when he returned from his passion he would find the old burden lighter. He has been taken out of himself at least, and his mind has touched on a hundred foreign matters, and has begun to renew its alliance and familiarity with the world. Nothing, to be sure, of comfort he has found, or ever will find, by searching; but the activity of the quest and the change of intellectual air themselves make a break between his heart and his grief, and are the beginnings of consolation, a process not to be finished in this life. Properly speaking, all regret is inconsolable, and waits in the background to revive when other matters leave the mind time to return to itself and review the skeletons in its closet. Only the moral philosopher is ignorant of his, and hopes to please the bereaved by telling them that all must die, or the burned-out by the remark that Chicago too was burned, and that the world will be burned one day.

From Truth,

#### DESULTORINESS.

IF idleness, according to the good old copybook proverb, is the root of all evil, the root of most idleness in this world is what is aptly called "desultoriness." Desultoriness consists in hesitating among a number of occupations, any one of which would be sufficient to fill up a person's time, and employ his energies, but all of which, taken together, seem to exercise separate and conflicting attraction and repulsion over him, till he remains irresolute, on a sort of neutral ground amidst them all. Desultoriness usually begins at the breakfast-table; and you may generally distinguish the desultory from the decided guests of a house, by the length of time they linger at their breakfast after the meal is over.

Women carry off the palm for desultoriness, at all hours of the day; and they display their talent for it in a conspicuous manner at this early period of the twenty-four. One knows what "poor hands" they are at breakfast, but they are invariably the last to quit the table. There they sit, with their letters before them; all of which



have been read, and none of which are of the slightest importance, apparently unable to make up their minds to rise and go. It is at this period, usually, that arrangements for the day are made; and you may see the men of the house coming back, one by one, to the room they left half an hour ago, in order to ascertain the wishes of the fair creatures as to the programme for the morning and afternoon. They will be found to talk about the point, not really to discuss it, interspersing their discursive remarks with a host of irrelevant observations, but utterly incapable and, apparently, anything but anxious, to arrive at a decision upon it. They are perfectly content to keep men dangling, to share their desultoriness. At last, some one having authority, probably the host, says that the arrangements are so-and-so, for those who like to participate in them, and away the male members of the party go again. Two or three women will still remain at the table, trying to keep each other from doing anything, and will linger there till they are practically bundled out by the servants "clearing away," though, all the time, there has been a spacious hall, a comfortable boudoir, and a handsome drawing-room awaiting them. Having wandered for an indefinite time from one to the other of these apartments, they suddenly discover that they must write some letters. Do they thereupon go and write them? Not in the least. Tables with every possible accommodation for correspondence are standing about in all directions; but the proximity of paper, pens, and ink seems to divert them from their original intention, and to abolish the necessity of which they just now spoke with as much fervor as though it were a matter of life and death. It will become a matter of life and death later on, but not till the post is just going, or has just gone, and then a special messenger will have to be despatched with a letter that ought to have been written eight hours ago, but which the fair procrastinator will then declare, with admirable *sans froid*, she has never been able to find a moment to write.

Sensible men, when they find themselves in the company of women infected by this particular humor, seize an early opportunity of stealing away. If they linger they are lost. They will soon catch the contagion of desultoriness, and their morning will pass without either profit or pleasure. Women very often declare that men are restless, and some men, no doubt, are so, in the sense of being restless, without a purpose, which is only a more feverish sort

of desultoriness. But, as a rule, the charge is brought against men who hate doing nothing, and who cannot hang about a parcel of petticoats, who have entered into a silent conspiracy to settle down to no task or occupation whatever. When a man is not smoking, he generally likes to be doing something or other, no matter what it is; and if he is doing nothing, it is obvious to himself and to the whole world that he is doing nothing. He is manifestly "at a loose end." But the most desultory of women always make believe to be doing something, and wear the solemn aspect and calm conscience of a serious purpose. If they are not doing some "work," they are pulling it to pieces, or they are showing it to somebody, or they are just going to show it to somebody. No doubt, there are men as well as women, who are desultory; but among them should, perhaps, chiefly be named those "tame cats," who are distinguishable from women only by their dress. There is a wide distinction between a desultory man, and a man who never does anything of use or profit. What has been well called strenuous idleness is something very different from desultoriness. A strenuously idle man may be reading the most worthless novel imaginable, but he goes on reading it till it is finished. He may be smoking, but nothing will move him till the cigar or the pipe be finished. Perhaps he sits on a five-barred gate; and there he will sit, until it pleases him to do anything else. But he will not descend from the five-barred gate at anybody's beck, and, least of all, will he quit it, and return to it, and quit it again, as though he did not know his own mind. A strenuously idle man may not be a very exalted personage, but he is perfectly harmless, and is passing life according to his own notion of how it should be passed. But desultory people are a pest, a nuisance, and a kill-joy, no matter to which sex they may belong.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.  
LOTTERIES.

THE following little paragraph has been going the rounds of the Italian papers: "At the last drawing of the lottery at Naples the Padre Mattia Salvatore, son of the lottery agent at the Piazza Dante, won a sum of 2,110,000 lire (£84,400). Since the Neapolitan lottery was founded, two centuries ago, no such prize has ever been gained by one man." How tantalizingly

this announcement must have twinkled before the eyes of thousands of the padre's countrymen! The great Tuscan lottery, which used to be drawn at Leghorn, was abolished when the last grand duke was deposed; but those of Rome and Naples still flourish; and at this moment there are innumerable Italians who week after week carry money to the *loto* offices in the hope of winning a fortune. This mania is very productive to the State, for it brings in as much as £800,000 a year; but it also serves to feed popular superstition in its most ludicrous and childish forms. The Italian whose mind is intent on "ambes," "ternes," and "quinas" is forever on the lookout for portents. He carries a little book which purports to furnish a key to all the ordinary incidents which chequer life. For instance, if going out in the morning the first thing you see is a cab, count the number of people inside, look at the number on the box, watch whether the vehicle takes the first turning to the right or the left, and if it stops at a house observe the number over the door; for here you have a series of omens which, separately or in the aggregate, may guide your choice in the purchase of a lottery ticket. If a man begins his day with three sneezes, receives three letters by the post, is dunned for three lire, and goes to a *café* where he finds three waiters or three customers sitting at the table next his, he will be sure to conclude that this repetition of the number three in one day indicates that he should speculate on a *terna*; and he will take care that the numbers of the tickets he buys be divisible by three. Similarly with other figures, but especially with those from one to five inclusive; for these compose the *quine*, and no more than five numbers come out on each drawing day. The smallest sum that may be invested on one ticket, or series of tickets, is 2-1-2 *d.*, the largest £80. If a buyer speculates on a single ticket he may win five times his stake; an *ambe* (two tickets whose numbers must both come out) will yield him thirty-three times his stake; and if he goes on a *terna* he may win two hundred or four hundred times his stake, according as he chooses the simple *terna* or the *terna* major. The simple *terna* is equivalent to betting that three particular numbers will be drawn; the *terna* major consists in betting that three numbers will come out in a certain order. There is the same difference between the two as there is in turf-betting between backing three horses for places and betting that three horses will come in first, second, and third respectively. Of course, in *quaternas* and

*quinas*, the risks being much larger, the gains are proportionately increased, so that when a buyer tries for a *quina* major the office gives him the magnificent odds of one thousand and fifty to one. Thus to win £84,400 the Padre Salvatore must have bought five tickets and staked £80 that their numbers would all be drawn in a specified order. If all five numbers had come out, but in a different order to that which he had named, he would have won nothing. Truly he must be an adventurous clergyman, with plenty of money to spare; for this is "plunging" with a vengeance.

Perhaps the padre had dreamed the numbers of his *quina*; and this would account for his high play. Some years ago there was a major-domo at one of the chief hotels in Rome who was not only a fanatic of the lottery on his own account, but used to recommend it to all the English families who sojourned in the house. This man, having dreamed that he had won a *terna*, remembered the numbers when he awoke, and proceeded to back them for a napoleon week after week from that day. He did this for twenty-one years and four months without winning a single paul; but at last, a small legacy having come to him, he ventured to lay £40, and won the same week, his long-expected *terna* bringing him £16,000. It would have been useless to try and argue such a person out of his belief in dreams; and indeed all words are wasted upon an Italian who mixes superstition with his gambling.

It is a most curious sight to watch the weekly drawings of the lottery on the Piazza Colonna at Rome. An excited crowd, among which numerous old women are to be seen, throngs round the steps of the municipal office. The ceremony takes place on a balcony in the presence of several officials; but the drawing is performed by boys from an orphan school. One turns the windlass of a large wooden whirlingig; another, who is blindfolded, pulls out the tickets one by one; and as each comes out it has to be proclaimed in a loud voice, after which it is posted on a notice-board, which is lowered by-and-by, so that the public may read for themselves. In the days of the temporal power at Rome and of the Bourbons at Naples, it was seldom that large winnings were paid wholly in money — land, works of art, or houses being sometimes thrown in at fancy prices; but nowadays the government levies an *ad valorem* tax, which amounts to ten per cent. for winnings above £4,000, and pays the rest immediately at sight of the ticket.